

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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LOYALTY

TO an old and great nation scarcely anything can happen which is entirely new. If England has, on the whole, enjoyed an unmatched prosperity, she has also known in her long history many defeats, some disgrace, and every kind of sorrow; and her life is to-day the richer for all that she has suffered and redeemed. Among her sorrows she has mourned more than once the death of a great queen. Five hundred years ago it was recorded "how Queen Philippa of England passed out of this mortal life," and the words have appealed to no generation more deeply than they do to us to-day. "There fell in England a heavy case and a common; howbeit it was right piteous for the king, his children, and all his realm; for the good Queen of England, that so many good deeds had done in her time, and so many knights succoured, and ladies and damosels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goods to her people, she fell sick in the castle of Windsor; the which sickness continued on her so long that there was no remedy but death."

Of that queen, too, as of her descendant, it was possible to speak such words by no mere courtesy, but in simple truth. Of her character we are told that she was "wise, humble, pious, liberal and courteous, decked and adorned in her time with all noble virtues, beloved of God and of mankind; and so long as she lived the kingdom of England had favour, prosperity, honour, and every sort of good fortune." And the

chapter which records her death has yet more that sounds sadly familiar to our ears, for it tells how, eight years afterwards, the king, her husband, died, and "then was there great sorrow made in England, and the body of King Edward III., with great processions, weepings, and lamentations, was brought along the City of London to Westminster: and there he was buried beside the queen his wife."

Time and a thousand changes have taken nothing from the words of this chronicle: they speak of love, honour, and devotion freely given; in brief, of loyalty; and since loyalty is as imperishable as any other human feeling, such words will continue, while the world is peopled, to touch the heart and call forth the sympathy of many among those who read them. In some they may even "awake an echo" in a truer sense than that in which the phrase is commonly used; for it is only natural to suppose that feelings are made more permanent by immemorial habit, and that men who have inherited from a past so rich as ours may at times be surprised by the reverberation, as in some disused chamber of memory, of emotions to which they had not believed themselves liable; the upheaving of elemental fires unknown to individual experience but buried in the rocky foundations of the race. If any one should think this a fanciful suggestion, let him reflect how often we have lately heard people saying, "I had no idea I should feel this so much: I did not know I was so loyal," or let him question any of those to whom it fell on January 23 to read the prayers for King Edward VII. on the strange and overwhelming sense of splendour and familiarity with which they heard themselves speak that name for the first time in their lives. A few days afterwards, one of the most sympathetic of the German newspapers remarked in all kindness that "the English nation are now passing through the same emotions as those felt by the German peoples on the death of the Emperor William." However well intended, the saying is far from true. The material fabric of an Empire may be built up in a generation, but association and tradition are living plants and of slow growth; slower still, we

believe, is the germination and increase, in the organism which we call a nation, of such vital cells as the instinct of loyalty. Perhaps after a thousand years more, when for the tenth time in their history an Emperor William has come to the throne of his ancestors, the Germans may be able to realise something of what we felt when we saw the descendant of Edward the Elder following in the funeral train of a Queen of England who was the fifty-second monarch of her lineage and title.

And now, after all these centuries of an allegiance upon which we look back with a just and honourable pride, we find ourselves standing in more ways than one upon the threshold of a new age. In the long reign which has just ended, successive generations of men were born and came to maturity under a freedom which was still rather expanding than contracting; and not only the thoughts of mankind, but their very modes of thought were widely changed. There is not one of all our beliefs and feelings which has not been subjected to the test of criticism as well as of experience; they have been tried by fire, by acids, and by solvents. Opinions differ strangely as to the result. According to some, it is to be the passing away of Christianity as a motive force in the world's progress—a theory which may safely be left to time for an answer; others have proclaimed the extinction of all those ideas which have lasted from mediæval times into our own day, but which we are told must now disappear, with their greatest exponents, Shakespeare and Scott, into the limbo where the fragments of feudalism rust. "From first to last," Walt Whitman says of these two typical poets, "they exhale that spirit of caste which we Americans have come on earth to destroy." And he finds in another typical poet of our own time "the flavour, the conviction, the lush-ripening culmination and last honey of decay of that feudalism which the mighty English dramatist painted in all the splendours of its noon and afternoon."

In the essays from which these words are quoted there is much that is true or prophetic, and little that is not admirable at least in spirit. But the argument seems to us to be

continually warped by the fallacy that runs through the theorising of so many of our modern reformers. They look for the introduction into human affairs of new elements of character and life, instead of keeping their attention fixed on the possibility of new and desirable combinations of those already present.

The New Man, when he comes—and he is coming every day, though some of us are looking too far ahead to see him—will assuredly have the same body parts and passions as ourselves. But being set free from many errors and terrors, and accustomed to think for himself, he will, we may hope, develop that natural innocence and courage which have been stunted by the unscientific education of the past. Among the weaknesses and superstitions that will perish in this process we do not believe it possible to number loyalty. It is more than possible that under the examination by microscope and forceps which modern criticism, modern literature, and the modern drama are bringing to bear on every part of our life, our nerves of impulse would all tend to shrink and suffer atrophy if they were not reinforced by other elements of strength. But the arteries which feed the nerve of loyalty are many, and some of them flow directly from the heart.

Let us go back again to the days of Queen Philippa, and compare the loyalty of that time and ours. We shall find that, so far from having perished or lost force, this feeling is stronger and woven of more strands now than it was then. In the year 1373 the Duke of Anjou desired to have the castle of Lourdes, and failing to take it by force he offered money to the captain, a countryman of Béarn, but an English subject. "The knight, who was of great valiantness, excused himself and said how the garrison was not his, but it pertained to the heritage of the King of England, and said how he could not sell it, nor give it, nor put it away, without he should be a traitor, which in no wise he would be, but true to his natural lord during his life; and moreover said that when the castle was delivered him, it was on a condition, which he swore solemnly by his faith,

putting his hands in the Prince of Wales's hand, that he should keep the castle of Lourdes against all men during his life, except it were against the King of England."

The latter part of this speech, though picturesque in form, frankly puts the matter on a prosaic quasi-legal basis: contracts for good consideration are binding; if a man makes a bargain of his own free will and seals it with an oath, he must keep to it. Soldiers at this day, and others holding office of any kind under the Crown, are bound to serve according to their oath, and except perhaps by a few reckless Irish Members of Parliament, the obligation would never be questioned. But it is noticeable that the first and best argument put forward by the captain of Lourdes is that he wished to be "true to his natural lord." This is an entirely different feeling, a far higher form of obligation. It may be in accordance with the nature of feudal tenancy, or with any other system of caste, but it is absolutely independent, derived from no one state of society, but equally binding on all. The time is long past when we could be suspected of confusing patriotism with the Divine Right of Kings; if any proof were needed of our coolness and right judgment in these matters it may be found in the treatment which we award to the technically rebellious or treasonable. In Germany it is *lèse-majesté* to utter a word in criticism of the Emperor; in Russia no form of Opposition is tolerated; in France allegiance has been transferred to the Army, which reigns by a superstition even more deadly in its effects. The English alone among great nations go to the verge of the impossible in acknowledging the natural right of protest and revolution: under no other rule could the Irish Nationalists exist, or the rebels of Cape Colony escape with a penalty of simple disfranchisement. There are also among us a number of superior persons, artists, poets, litterateurs, and "advanced thinkers," whose culture has taught them the duty of being unpatriotic. But these are morbid and sterile growths, failures of nature such as are observed from time to time by one generation and forgotten by the next. The great mass of

sane and right-thinking men, without in any way denying the wider claims of humanity, acknowledge that, as Mr. Leslie Stephen told us lately, "to preach a purely cosmopolitan instead of a patriotic principle is idle; first, because nobody will listen; and, secondly, because the nation which did listen would be suppressed and would deserve suppression." They hold, in fact, that, setting aside the case of the conquered and especially of the half-conquered, those who inherit and accept the great benefits of English nationality owe not only conformity to the Government as such, but a more cordial support, a deeper interest and sympathy, to the Sovereign who is the centre and symbol of that nationality. We have long been accustomed to speak of "God save the Queen" as "the National Anthem," but the fact that in singing it we were moved by a strong feeling of personal admiration and affection has obscured our perception of a more permanently important fact. The Sovereign, whether personally acceptable to us or not, is always the representative of our national life, and the most convinced anti-monarchist in England is perfectly right in resenting any discourtesy offered to one who stands visibly for a whole people. It is equally true, but more often forgotten, that to speak openly and unrestrainedly against the Sovereign, under any temptation whatever, is dangerously near attempting an injury to the public weal. We are few of us great in any sense, but, if only because we are Englishmen, we all have by inheritance an element of greatness; we cannot, perhaps, be expected to reverence it in each other, but to slight it when we see it concentrated and embodied in the head of our Commonwealth is treason in no technical sense of the word.

It is right that we should clearly recognise at this moment of new departure the logical separation which exists between the human and the symbolical personality of the Sovereign; but we hope and believe that the day is far out of sight when we shall be forced to act upon it. Among "the many good deeds" that "the good Queen of England" has done in her time, not

the least is that she has so raised the standard and dignity of the kingly life that we cannot conceive the possibility of any backsliding towards the selfishness of the Restoration or the Regency. She has achieved, we believe once for all, the great work of founding a tradition of the English Crown more loyal even than the tradition of the English people. To do this was to be a queen indeed, and the greatest of conquerors, for vast as was the material increase of her Empire, she extended in a still more wonderful manner the dominion of the ideas and emotions which gathered about her. The inter-action of her own feeling and that of her people concerning the duty and destiny of the English race kindled into flame the passion which will henceforth answer to the name of loyalty. It is new rather in degree than in kind, but it is none the less a noble and permanent part of national life. It has nothing to do with caste or the worship of rank, little with self-interest; reverence is part of it; but beyond this it is sympathy in a great cause, a right pride, a splendid hope. It can be said of the English as it can be said of no other nation in history, that they have been for eleven centuries, and are to-day more than ever, a society in the true sense of the term, a society with a personality of its own; and the development of that personality with all its faults and set-backs has been, on the whole, and is to-day more than ever, making for the happiness of mankind. Freedom of faith, freedom of speech, freedom of trade, equality of race, of law, and of opportunity: outside the *Civitas Britannica* these are to be found less commonly and less completely: all together they exist nowhere else. So long as we preserve these and continue to develop the masculine gentleness from which they spring as from a natural soil, we shall still be able to say in face of all our detractors, within and without, that when the sun sets upon our Empire the night will be black indeed.

Of all her contemporaries none had a clearer or loftier view of the position of England in the world than Queen Victoria. Probably we are not even yet aware of the extent to which our

own conception of our duty towards our fellow subjects, white, black, and yellow, has been formed insensibly upon the pattern she gave us. But we have felt something of the truth, and when we shouted and sang at her two Jubilees it was for a better reason than the mere admiration of power and splendour.

Not all the glories of her birth,
Her armed renown and ancient throne,
Could make her less the child of earth
Or give her hopes beyond our own :

But stayed on faith more sternly proved,
And pride than ours more pure and deep,
She loved the land our fathers loved
And kept the fame our sons shall keep.

She knew, and we are more and more coming to believe, that the true fame of a nation has little concern with the temporary fluctuations of opinion around it. We shall in the end be judged by our acts and their results, not by the applause or hissing of contemporaries, who are in no position to judge us impartially or with knowledge. There are, no doubt, among us too many who admire and covet wealth and dominion for their own sake, but the conscience of the nation knows well that power of any kind, if not used for great and unselfish ends and in accordance with the Divine Will, is both the disgrace and the destruction of those who wield it. If we have become, as we have, a great corporation or company, with almost unlimited capital, vast estates, and armies of servants, all over the world, it is not that the shareholders may nourish a vain and insolent self-satisfaction, nor even that they may devote their whole energy to the making of lawful gain ; it is that they may help more than others to make straight the paths of mankind, and in so doing forget the meaner part of themselves. If this great company has received, as we believe it has, a privileged charter from the only Power in whom it lies to make such grants, it is no fee simple, but a gift in trust, with penalties for maladministration, the least of which is forfeiture.

That we have not completely failed in the past we owe in a great degree to her who has been for sixty years our better self, and whom we rightly now call "Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory." The fellowship which she gathered round her will not pass away with her presence; her successor has shown beyond doubt that he possesses the secret of our loyalty. In the direct and sincere words which were the first that he addressed to his people, the King has told us that his whole thought and strength for the remainder of his life will be devoted to the welfare and amelioration of others. He has named unerringly the cause that makes us one: for the word *service* expresses the passion destined to be the most universal of all, the desire to which all nations must come. If he, too, will have the proud homage and devotion of this people, he has but to keep continually before them the motto of his namesake Edward the Black Prince, as it still shows clearly to-day upon his tomb under the rusted and moth-eaten relics of his outward splendour—the motto which is both a creed and a vow in one—*Hochmuth! Ich Dien.*

ON THE LINE

THE following is the list of books which, in accordance with the promise made in our last number, we have selected to hang "on the line" this month. It must be remembered that we are endeavouring to act, not as critics, but as showmen. Among the large number of books which have come under our notice during the month, we have found a few which ought not to have been written, some which need not have been written, and many which should have been written otherwise. But these are no concern of ours; we commend to our readers a group of eleven, which we think worth buying and reading; of the rest we say nothing. There are also, no doubt, many valuable and interesting books which we have not had the opportunity of examining; but probably the following will be found to be a sufficiently representative exhibition of current literature in the general sense.

Lord Jim. By Joseph Conrad. (Blackwood. 6s.)—The title-page describes this book as "a tale," and rightly; for though the subject is one fit for an epic, a drama, or a Stevensonian novel, it is presented to us more realistically as a "yarn," told by an English ship's captain: he takes a long time over it, and he is often hard to follow, but the story—a life's voyage, as romantic as the Odyssey, and haunted by a mystery as deep as the seas over which it floats—would have lost something in any other form. Apart from the romance

—the career of Jim, from his English rectory home to his royalty and death in Patusan—the fascination of the book lies in the continual effort to sound “the abysmal deeps of Personality.” Jim’s sad little Eastern bride speaks for all who read :

There is something he can never forget. What is it ? What is it ? He says he had been afraid. How can I believe this ? Am I a mad woman to believe this ? You all remember something. You all go back to it. What is this thing ? Is it alive ?—is it dead ? I hate it ! It is cruel ! Has it got a face and voice—this calamity ?

Quality Corner: a Study of Remorse. By C. L. Antrobus. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)—Here, as in the last book, we have a tragedy following upon a mysterious crime, which is legally unpunishable, and which, morally and scientifically, lies upon the borderland between the voluntary and the involuntary. The coincidence of subject is striking, but the divergence of setting and treatment even more so. Mrs. Antrobus, though her plot is more sensational and less probable than Mr. Conrad’s, takes us no further afield than her beloved Lancashire, and shows us none but the most familiar types. She is in no doubt as to the responsibility of every man for his own acts ; she works out her drama by coincidences and stage-like conventions ; in short, her story is as the poles apart from “Lord Jim.” But this defiance of modern canons does not diminish in the least the essential charm of her characters, and the country in which they live, and the manner in which their tale is told : it is delicate, unaffected, and refreshing.

Every one that loves flowers, fairy tales, or a child must love the first seven chapters of Arthur Henry’s **Princess of Arcady**. (Murray. 6s.)—Arcady has crossed the seas, and lies now in America, where “four o’clocks” blow, and babies “climb in bed,” and wear “waists.” The Arcadians are Hilda, a little girl ; Pierre, a little boy ; Mr. Alexander, a rich, business-like, old bachelor ; Christopher Mott, a poor, unbusiness-like, old gardener ; and Christopher Mott’s daughter, Primrose.

As long as the children remain children we could wander with them for ever, half-remembering, half-dreaming. It is, indeed, "such stuff as dreams are made on"; we should not be surprised to hear that it had been dreamt straight through from cover to cover. Unluckily, in chapter eight, Hilda goes to school in a convent, and the convent is neither quite a memory nor quite a dream. Later still she commits the unpardonable sin of growing up. We can forgive her even this for the sake of the day when, "as she sat upon her throne in the midst of the fields, her short gown of patched cambric was changed into a trailing robe of silk, as green as the fresh grass at her feet."

In Birdland with Field Glass and Camera. By Oliver G. Pike. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—This is a modest little book, but one which deserves many friends. The author sets out to describe the bird-life around his own home in North Middlesex and South Hertfordshire. This he does in thirteen chapters, illustrated by eighty-three photographs taken direct from nature, and for any one who knows and loves birds he has succeeded in laying up a little store of beautiful and sympathetic impressions. Of the patience expended in gaining this pleasure for us we get some idea when we find that it took three evenings' stalking to photograph the Wheatear near its nest, and success was only due in the end to an hour's drizzling rain, which drove home the birds but not the sportsman. The pictures show a skill and artistic sense in the "composition" which is rare in such books: the "Redbreast," on p. 101, and the "Reed-bunting" on p. 257, are not only perfectly characteristic but might have been conceived for decorative purposes by a good Japanese artist. The anecdotes are new and good.

The Handy Man Afloat and Ashore. By the Rev. G. Goodenough, R.N. (Fisher Unwin. 6s.)—Another book crammed with information that is hardly to be got elsewhere. We have lived too long on old scraps gathered under the table

of Marryat and Captain Basil Hall. Mr. Clark Russell, Mr. Bullen, and Mr. Kipling certainly are up to date, but their purpose is artistic not practical, and we cannot cross-examine them on details. Mr. Goodenough gives his own *raison d'être* thus :

As a popular song says "We all love Jack." He appeals to our imagination as the representative of the old English spirit of joyous adventure and reckless daring ; the mystery of the sea is upon him, his life is a thing apart from all our ordinary experience, his language is strange to us. We make songs about him and cheer him. But as a man what is known about him ? . . . and yet he is well worth knowing.

"What do you sailors do?" said a landsman. "Well," responded the sailor, "we does about what we please until we are told to do something else and then we does that pretty quick."

What both parts of this humorous definition may include is admirably told by Mr. Goodenough. We only wish some of his chapters—especially that on "the Handy Man's vocabulary"—were four times as long.

In the Ranks of the C.I.V. By Erskine Childers. (Smith Elder. 6s.)—Seldom does any book tell the reader so many things he wants to know as this small volume of 300 pages. What does war look like to the man in the ranks? What does he do, what does he think about, what does he get to eat, and how does he like it; above all, what does he *feel*, when he is marching, fighting, shooting, being shot at, bivouacking, guarding prisoners, or lying on his back in hospital? We will quote one or two of the answers.

An odd discovery is that one has so much leisure, as a driver, when in action. There is plenty of time to write one's diary when waiting with the teams. One pleasant thing is the change felt in the relaxation of the hard-and-fast regulations . . . all needless *minutiae* of routine disappear naturally. It is business now, and everything is judged by the standard of common sense. . . . The harness is much simplified now, and takes half the time to put on. The mystery is why it is ever considered necessary to have so much . . . unless to keep drivers from getting too much leisure.

There are a lot of cavalry, yeomanry, infantry, &c., about somewhere, but

here (in action at Bultfontein) we seem alone with a small infantry escort, and no sound but the opposing guns. It shows how little a single Tommy sees or knows of a fight.

I feel (in a fight) no animosity to any one. . . . One feels one is taking part in a game of skill at a dignified distance, and any feeling of hostility is very impersonal and detached.

The book has all through it the unobtrusive distinction of gentleness and good manners. It ends with a single page on the march through London on October 27, which is a little masterpiece of modesty and deep feeling.

The "Times" History of the War in South Africa. Vol. I. Edited by L. S. Amery. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 12s. 6d.)—It seems almost superfluous to have put forth this book in so handsome a form, for its contents are of absorbing interest, and will even gain in importance when the war is really over. It deals shortly with the history of the Boers in seventy-two preliminary pages, and then begins with chapter iv.—on President Kruger's Policy—what may be described as "the case for the British Government." When we say this we do not mean to imply that the statement is an unfair one, but that it presents the case throughout from one point of view, and leaves it to the other side to bring any evidence they may have in support of an alternative theory. We have certainly not yet seen anything of the kind which could be reasonably held to weigh in the balance against the facts here put forward and proved. Some people in England, and many on the Continent, have maintained that the attitude of the gold-owners in general, and the Jameson Raid in particular, have been the causes of the present quarrel. A glance at pp. 95–101 will show, on the unanswerable evidence of their own speeches at secret conferences between the two Dutch States in May 1887, that the policy of the Transvaal was then aiming at the boycotting of Cape Colony and the possession of Delagoa Bay, "with a view to future complications." "We will and must shake ourselves free and become independent." Freedom and independence

are in themselves laudable aims, but how completely in this case their attainment was incompatible with existing conventions, and with the just and peaceful administration of all South Africa, is shown by the history of the Uitlanders' grievances, the Internal Struggle in the Transvaal, and the Second Reform Movement, as told by Mr. Amery. The policy of the Africander leaders is an even more "actual" point, and in view of Mr. Merriman's visit to this country, it is important to note that in March 1898 he was writing to Mr. Steyn :

The greatest danger to the future lies in the attitude of President Kruger, and his vain hope of building up a State on a foundation of a narrow unenlightened minority, and his obstinate rejection of all prospect of using the materials which lie ready to hand to establish a true Republic on a broad liberal basis.

The Women of the Renaissance. By R. de Maulde la Clavière. Translated by George Herbert Ely. (Swan Sonnenschein. Second Edition. 10s. 6d.)—It is not suprising that M. de Maulde's book should already have reached a second edition. Social metaphysics have been so little attended to that his volume almost counts as a new enterprise. He gives us an exhaustive survey of the women—French, Italian, Spanish—of the last years of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth century, and shows us these ladies as girls, as wives, as mothers, as lovers, as beauties, as philosophers, as talkers. He discusses their intellectual position and their relation to morals and religion. Sometimes he indulges in a personal portrait (Anne of France and Marguerite d'Angoulême are his most striking ventures); more often he gives us a general picture. All his details are, however, subordinate to the central purpose of his work. "The moral of our book," he says, "is that good women should love the beautiful, and that virtue can neither be troublesome nor torpid." The Renaissance, he tells us, brought a new and softening element into life—the love of beauty—of which women were the fullest

apostles. In the sixteenth century they found—by the aid of man—a practical philosophy which enabled them to apply this love of the beautiful to daily life and intercourse. This philosophy was the Neo-Platonism of the Renaissance—a creed half mystic, half æsthetic, more suited to the romantic Italians than to the practical French. It began with an exalted ideal, and ended in cold affectation—or, worse still, in the elusive casuistry that all was well so long as the heart was pure.

The author's intricate study of this Renaissance Platonism is the most interesting, as well as the most informing, part of his book. But every chapter shows an immense amount of research—thrown off with so much brilliance and feeling that we forget his learning while we profit by his knowledge. The light reader will know how to skip artistically, and yet reap a harvest of anecdote; the serious student, whether he agrees or disagrees with M. de Maulde's conclusions, will, at all events, find himself on a new and promising road. It may be added that neither kind of reader should include the young, for whom these pages were not intended. The fact that those who take up the book are left in undisturbed possession of the author's ideas is the best compliment we can pay to the translator.

The Story of Rome. By Norwood Young. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)—This is not a guide-book, nor is it intended to compete with guide-books, though it contains a small Appendix of Practical Suggestions. It is the outline, the suggestion or reflection, of all that distinguishes travel from sightseeing. Many towns offer a more perfect and concentrated beauty to the eye, but Rome alone forces upon the intellect and imagination the whole range of great ideas which have moved the world. Mr. Young has, with great skill, managed to string upon the thread of his "story" a complete series of the events, buildings, personalities, and ideas which will most interest the better kind of traveller. The enormous width of view and power of condensation required may be gauged by the mere list of

names of those who have, in one age or another, passed by the still standing monument of Caius Sestius.

St. Paul, as he passed on his way to execution . . . Augustus and Horace, Nero and St. Peter, Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, Constantine and Alaric, Theodoric and Belisarius, our own King Alfred, and Charlemagne, Benedict and Gregory, Dominic and Francis, Godfrey de Bouillon and Frederick Barbarossa, Dante and Petrarch, Giotto and Perugino, Raphael and Michelangelo, Cæsar Borgia and Macchiavelli, Luther and Galileo, Goethe and Napoleon—and now it looks down upon the graves of Keats and Shelley.

Mr. Young has used all the best authorities, but he has seen everything for himself: he is a thorough modern; his views are fresh and interesting, and in our belief those which will prevail. The book is well illustrated and indexed, and will go into the pocket.

Gierke's Political Theories of the Middle Age. Translated and edited by F. W. Maitland. (Cambridge University Press. 10s.) When we say that no more interesting book than this has been published lately, we must add a word of warning. It is not light reading, and Dr. Gierke's own part of it is the less easy to grasp, because it is only a fraction of a large work. But this is amply compensated by Professor Maitland's brilliant introduction, which is beyond the criticism of any but a few experts. To all who care for the study of Political Philosophy and History we recommend the reading of this book as a rare and stimulating pleasure. To the general reader we can only suggest that such ideas as those of Unity of Church and State, of Organisation, of Monarchy, of Popular Sovereignty, of Representation, of Personality, are, at least, as interesting a part of our inheritance as our more material possessions.

A History of Hampshire and the Isle of Wight. Vol. I. (Constable.) (The first volume of the Victoria History of the Counties of England, issued to subscribers only.)—This is the age of Empires and Encyclopædias. It seems only

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natural that while states are being grouped into vast federations, books should be more and more often produced in the form of libraries complete in themselves. So much the more important does it become that the books should be good ones. The failure of a great series of County Histories would be a national misfortune. No shelves are sought more diligently or with more disappointing results, even in our public libraries, than those which contain the incomplete, inadequate, and largely obsolete books that deal with the local history of our own country. The work has never yet been attempted on the right method and scale; the smallest and least interesting county of England is too large and of too varied interest for any one man to deal with it. Geology and natural history; prehistoric, Roman, Anglo-Saxon remains; dialect and folklore; history and architecture; heraldry and genealogy; agriculture and industries; social history and sport—no one was ever an expert in all of these. And to deal under these heads with all the Counties of England is beyond the powers even of a committee; it is now to be done by a series of committees under an advisory council. The County Committee for Hampshire and the Isle of Wight numbers eighty-eight members, but they seem to have taken a small share in the actual work of writing, which has been done by the special committees on architecture, records, &c. If the standard reached on this first occasion is to be maintained throughout, there is no room for doubt as to the success of this gigantic project.

Hampshire has been wisely chosen as a test or sample of the work: it is rich in nearly all the possible wealth of an English county; in Roman remains and in natural history it is unsurpassed by any other single district; its capital was once the capital of England; and its great forest is unique both in beauty and in remote historical interest. The present volume is only the first of four dealing with the county, but it covers three most important heads. In the natural history section, Mr. E. G. B. Meade-Waldo gives a list of the 280

species of birds observed in Hampshire. He has added very greatly to the value of this as a bird-census by stating in many cases his opinion upon the recent increase or decrease of each species. We are much interested to note that the bird-population appears to be decidedly increasing on the whole, and that the cases of decrease are due to explainable and partly remediable causes. The goldfinch and the Dartford warbler are the only two sufferers among the small birds. The moths and butterflies, for which the New Forest is famous, are well done by Messrs. Goss and Fletcher and Captain Reed. The Roman-British section, by Mr. F. Haverfield; and a separate chapter on the Silchester excavations by Messrs. George Fox and St. John Hope, are both admirably written and magnificently illustrated. But, perhaps, the advance marked by the appearance of this volume is most strikingly seen in the pages on the Domesday survey by Mr. J. H. Round. After wandering in the twilight of his own incomplete knowledge, and over the quicksands formed by the unsound opinions of others, the student here feels his feet, and sees his way at last with relief and gratitude. He may also enjoy in the good old fashion the massacre of less judicious antiquaries by Mr. Round; among these Dean Kitchin's case, on p. 586, is the most pitiable.

Briefly, this volume fulfils high expectations. No public library will be able to dispense with such a series as this; no country house can do without, at any rate, the history of its own county, and those which border on it. The next volume will apparently be one containing the feudal and family history and heraldry of Hampshire. That, too, will be a test volume, but after seeing this one we look forward to it with complete confidence.

TRAINING OF NAVAL OFFICERS

MR. CARLYON BELLAIRS in his two articles in the October and February numbers of the MONTHLY REVIEW states that he writes in the interest of the renown of our navy, and his contention is that naval officers are not trained for war.

The human element he truly says is the discriminating factor in every war, and he quotes history and poetry to prove that only those who go down to the sea in ships are capable of learning "the secrets of the sea," and of ruling on the main.

These are somewhat elementary propositions, though it is true that they are often forgotten, as was shown by a writer in the *Revue des deux mondes* a few months ago who proposed to invade England with an army of sea-sick soldiers who were to cross the Channel in numerous small steamboats! Mr. Bellairs complains that we are drifting in the wrong direction, that our teaching is too "academic," that naval training has been handed over to "the schoolmasters and arm-chair strategists," and that the gulf is widening between the traditions and practice of Nelson and what is inculcated at the present time.

These are grave charges, and the first question which presents itself is whether Mr. Bellairs is a competent judge of what our training should be, and what his claims are to pose as our naval mentor.

Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.

Now Lieutenant Bellairs is what is called a torpedo-lieutenant, that is, he has passed through the special course laid down to qualify a lieutenant to be an expert in submarine mining and the management of the torpedo, which course it is his aim to depreciate, and to abolish as unnecessary. So far, then, he should be a competent critic, but his experience of the service is small, and for this all his literary ability and historical references cannot compensate. I cannot therefore bow to his authority, and while I consider his proposal practically to abolish the present gunnery and torpedo schools to be dangerously reactionary, I have no hesitation as to the impracticable and unpractical nature of the substitutes which he suggests. That we may agree with many of his premisses goes without saying, and I give him full credit for having hit certain blots and deficiencies, but it is easy to destroy and far less easy to rebuild as many a reformer has found before him.

So far as I can see Mr. Bellairs has given no proof whatever of the deterioration of the practical naval officer, due, according to him, to academic training, and divorce from life at sea.

As I have had somewhat longer experience than Mr. Bellairs I can only place my opinion against his, and I can confidently say that I have not observed this tendency, as, except in rare instances, the naval officer, like the "handy man," is ready and practical, and I fail to recognise the picture drawn by Mr. Bellairs of the naval officer who has ruined his sight, and lost his naval character by "poring over miserable books."

It is with no wish to be personal or paradoxical that I make use of the following argument, but I must honestly confess that Mr. Bellairs has in his own person done his best to prove his case, as I cannot conceive how any practical officer who knows what ship-life is, can suppose that the lectures on which he mainly depends as substitutes for the gunnery and torpedo courses on board the *Excellent* and *Vernon* can be

possible at all on board a sea-going ship, while surely the last state of the service would be much worse than the first if the service afloat for which the navy in commission exists were sacrificed to school and class work.

To this I propose to allude more fully later, but before doing so I will turn to the more pleasant part of reviewing the many points on which we may agree with Mr. Bellairs, where he deserves credit for calling attention to defects in our naval system of training.

What is good in Lieutenant Bellairs' remarks is his criticism as to the navy being "run," to use the modern slang term, too much on specialised lines. It is true that the tendency of having the lieutenants appointed specially for gunnery, torpedo, and navigation is to make other lieutenants look upon these subjects as to some extent "outside their sphere," but the remedy lies with the Admiralty, with commanders-in-chief, and captains, and in levelling up so that all lieutenants should be better instructed and more capable of performing these duties themselves and of teaching those under them. It is often far from creditable that on any slight failure of the hydraulic machinery or electricity the chief engineer, gunnery, or torpedo lieutenant must be at once sent for, but in these cases it is not the specialist who knows too much, but the ordinary lieutenant who knows too little. Mr. Bellairs' remedy, with which I cannot agree, is to pull down the level of the former officers to that of the latter!

In certain cases, too, I admit that clever specialised officers of the gunnery and torpedo schools are too little at sea as lieutenants, a fault which will no doubt be rectified in later stages of their career, but which should be arrested by an Admiralty order making five years real sea time in that rank necessary for the promotion of lieutenants to the rank of commander.

Then again Mr. Bellairs is quite right in pointing out that "the custom of the service" has so specialised the duties of the commander second in command, or first lieutenant where there

is no commander borne, that his *rôle* is too exclusively discipline and cleanliness, possibly he affects "frippery and gimcrack," to use Lord St. Vincent's definition, and as he is divorced from the "fighting and handling of the ship" he frequently becomes practically antagonistic to her fighting efficiency. But I may remark parenthetically that this is seldom the case where the commander has been a gunnery or torpedo lieutenant. This, however, is a matter which should be rectified by a more enlightened public opinion in the service, and many good captains bear this constantly in view in the position allotted to the commander at "general quarters."

I quite concur, too, with the quotation which Mr. Bellairs gives from Admiral Moore as to the midshipmen being sent to sea to be half-schoolboy, half-officer, a system which every committee on naval training has condemned root and branch, and which is peculiar to the British service, but I cannot agree with his remedy, which is to send boys to sea at sixteen as at present, and to abolish the naval instructors, thus reducing what he terms "scholastic training" verily to a minimum.

We have had numerous committees on this important point, and they are practically unanimous in recommending a later entry, that youngsters should join a training college at an average age of seventeen, that their purely scholastic training should cease on entry, and that after eighteen months or two years practical instruction at the college with sea-going training-ships attached, they should go to sea, the naval instructors afloat being abolished. This, of course, is a much later entry than at present, and many of our naval officers are violently opposed to any raising of the age. I propose to refer to this again, but it is certain that so long as we insist on sending boys of sixteen to sea, the naval instructor will remain a necessity.

Another strong point made by Mr. Bellairs is the omission of any study of naval history from our naval curriculum. I concur with him in attaching the greatest importance to historical training, though this is not always appreciated by naval officers, and will be still less appreciated if we are to

whittle down their theoretical knowledge and training to a minimum as he proposes.

With the substitution of languages and history for purely mathematical instruction I will not now deal, but it is probably the case that we have been inclined to look too much to proficiency in what is commonly known in the service as "*x* chasing"; this, however, is only a slang term and is generally used in a complimentary sense.

The question of naval education being more under the direction of naval officers is one in calling attention to which Mr. Bellairs has done good service. The Admiralty are, he says, taking this far more into their own hands, and he rejoices in the prospect of our being emancipated from the professors.

But why has our naval education been so much more professorial and unprofessional than it is in other countries—America for instance? The reason is clear, it is that the general education of our officers was seldom such as to entitle them to regulate a course of studies. A brilliant exception was the late Sir Cooper Key, and if his view was too much biased in favour of mathematics, there was no one to check him. If Mr. Bellairs should succeed in materially reducing the general educational standard, assuredly the same cause will produce a similar effect in future years.

The following facts are significant as bearing on this very important subject. At our Naval College at Greenwich there are thirty-five instructors, of whom nineteen are civilians, five naval instructors R.N., five engineers R.N., four marine officers, and two are naval officers, one of whom belongs to the old navigating branch. If we refer to the *Britannia* we shall find much the same system, the primary business of the commander and lieutenants being to maintain discipline, though recently under the *régime* introduced by Captain, now Rear-Admiral Moore, the executive officers have taken much more part in the seamanship and practical instruction of the cadets; but nearly all the teaching is given by sixteen civilians or naval instructors, with one assistant engineer for steam.

Let us compare this with the German and American Naval Colleges. At the German Naval College at Kiel, which is under a captain, there are eleven officers of commander's or lieutenant's rank for disciplinarian duties, while the instruction is given by nine commanders or lieutenants, five marine officers and six civilians. In the American Naval Academy at Annapolis, there are forty officers and instructors in all, thirty-six of whom are naval officers, though probably we should call some of them engineers, and four professors, three of whom were appointed from "the line of the navy" or, as we should say, were formerly naval executives. The contrast could not be greater than that between Greenwich and Annapolis. While in our college practically the whole teaching is in civilian hands, at Annapolis all but one are or have been naval officers!

Which country is right? In my view we are wrong in entrusting our naval education so entirely to those outside the service, but I do not know whether I am here in agreement with Mr. Bellairs or not, for he appears to me to wish to make bricks without straw. On the one hand he praises the tendency recently shown by the Admiralty to place education to some extent more directly under naval officers, but on the other hand he wishes to reduce the theoretical education of the latter to a minimum, and he holds that any time spent by naval officers on instructional duties on shore is a waste of power. Indeed I am understating his objection, for an instructor at Greenwich certainly would be on shore, but when Mr. Bellairs speaks of a gunnery lieutenant spending one year on "the instructional staff on shore," and his possible appointment to a "shore billet" subsequently, he knows well that these appointments involve constant boat work, and going to sea frequently in gunboats and cruisers for gunnery trials, not to mention that one month in each year is spent at sea for the manoeuvres. If he so strongly objects to this amount of "shore service" he must, on the same principle, object far more to any instruction at Greenwich or in the *Britannia*

being given by naval officers; however, according to his last article, he only proposes to retain the College at Greenwich "for a few years longer" so that no instructors will be needed!

Let me turn now to his amusing story as to the influence of the Treasury, and the correspondence which took place between the Treasury and the Admiralty on the question of the expenditure of £22 on the East Indian Station in payment to a French teacher for the midshipmen of the flagship. I am indebted to him for informing me of my delinquencies in having authorised this expenditure as Commander-in-Chief at the time referred to, and while it is probably reasonable that explanation should be asked of any unauthorised expenditure, I concur with him in thinking that the "nagging policy" of Treasury officials worrying over these details after the Admiralty sanction has been given is detrimental to efficiency.

The influence of the Treasury on the two great spending departments undoubtedly too often means economy at the expense of efficiency, for which we have the high authority of the Prime Minister, and it seems to me that it should be restricted to an audit so as to check unauthorised expenditure, and to see that the pay and retirement of officers and men is in conformity with orders in Council. Special requirements involving large sums would of course require Treasury sanction beforehand, but this should be decided upon by the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and not by the permanent Treasury Officials who are those to whom Mr. Bellairs refers as "eating like rats" into the efficiency of the navy.

There is one more point of great importance to which Mr. Bellairs has called attention, namely, the increasing tendency to rely on fortified harbours, defensive works, mines and booms, rather than on an efficient navy acting on the offensive; and he rightly refers to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech at the Colston banquet a short time ago, showing our enormous expenditure on harbour works of recent years. Much of this was clearly necessary; as a nation we are

apt not to look forward, and though ships had increased to nearly double their former size we were reluctant to improve our dock accommodation till it proved to be quite insufficient, so arrears had to be made up, and under Lord Spencer and Lord Goschen we have undoubtedly entered upon an era of stone and cement. In some respects the demand for defensive works against torpedo attack may have been overdone, the result undoubtedly of military ideas, and a long immunity from the realities of maritime warfare. It is remarkable that Lord St. Vincent who had been an eye-witness of the retreat of the British fleet in the Channel before the Franco-Spanish fleet under M. d'Orvilliers in 1779 which he states left him "in the most humbled state of mind he ever experienced," nevertheless, six years later, as a member of a Royal Commission, successfully defeated Pitt's scheme for spending a large sum of money in permanent fortifications for Plymouth and Portsmouth.

This is a large question, but it appears clear, to sailors at least, that much money has been uselessly expended on the defences of naval ports in the last forty years to which it would be unpatriotic to direct special attention, but in illustration of this general statement I cannot resist referring to one instance, namely, the Zalinsky gun at Pembroke, which had only a range of 2000 yards, yet which was assumed capable of preventing our shipbuilding yard at Pembroke Dock from being bombarded. This wonderful invention was fortunately condemned as a failure after several trials at which the late Commander-in-Chief and Staff assisted, but it was intended to provide against an eventuality which was about as probable as the destruction of our naval arsenals by bombs from Count Zeppelin's aerial ship.

I have now touched on the more important of Mr. Bellairs' suggestions, and the deficiencies in our training as to which I concur partly or fully, but his conclusion that what he calls the "academic" instruction of our officers should be relaxed, is, I submit, simply retrograde and dangerous to the best

interests of the service. It is not necessary to approve of the present system in detail, or even of the way in which our education is distributed at present, that is partly on board the *Britannia* to youngsters, partly at Greenwich on passing for a lieutenant, and many of the criticisms of Mr. Bellairs have much force, but surely with the national cry sounding in our ears for more technical training in all branches of labour, to prevent the loss of our industrial pre-eminence, it is at least curious if the navy is to be an exception, and that all that is requisite is a very incomplete preparation and plenty of routine work. Technical education, as I understand it, means a more intelligent instruction in the principles and theories of the trades or arts, so that our young men will be more prepared for new developments, and will not be distanced by the better education of their foreign competitors. Mr. Bellairs seems to believe that routine practice at sea is all or nearly all that is necessary, and not satisfied with disestablishing Greenwich, and getting rid of the one year's course for the specialised lieutenants, he rather prefers the "rule of thumb" navigator to whom a knowledge of fractions is not in his opinion necessary! Mere routine work and custom at sea appears to be his shibboleth, he does not agree with Shakespeare that "custom stales," nor with that fine seaman "Paddy" Boyd, who used to say that "routine was made for fools."

Put in this way it seems impossible that a clever man like Mr. Bellairs should have advocated such a policy, yet I do not think that I misrepresent the general tenor of his argument, which is that naval officers should go to sea young, be always at sea, and all will be well. This he thinks was the way in which our naval supremacy was won, and we ought to return to it.

I admit that he has some idea that instruction can be given in all practical subjects on board ships in commission, though he includes "mechanical drawings and heat"! Languages he says "should be a special instruction"—whatever that may mean. But the point is that not only would it be almost as

reasonable to attempt to instruct "in a crowded street" (as a naval instructor recently remarked in a letter to the *Times*) as on board ship, not only is there no space where classes of any size could be taught, but there would be no one to instruct. The instructors should be the commander, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants and midshipmen, according to Mr. Bellairs, but with the scanty and inferior equipment which they would possess themselves one may well ask "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" The instruction would in fact be various and chaotic, and perhaps heretical, while in many cases it would be a mere farce.

Space does not allow of my dwelling on this subject, but as regards gunnery, for instance, I may refer to Sir Howard Douglas' admirable work on naval gunnery, printed in 1829, before the establishment of our school of gunnery, to show the curious and melancholy results of our unsystematic training in our actions with the Americans.

Lest it should be thought that I have exaggerated Mr. Bellairs' proposals I am tempted to refer to them more directly.

In his second article he tells us that some royal naval reserve officers "could not clear fractions," yet that they were "capable navigators," and this led him "to speculate as to how far the mathematical courses of midshipmen, sub-lieutenants and lieutenants could be cut down without loss." Then we have his proposal to get rid of naval instructors afloat, and to abolish the Greenwich College, which he candidly admits is his King Charles's head.

Evidently he holds that whether a boy forgets all his mathematics after he goes to sea at sixteen matters nothing so long as he is a "rule of thumb" navigator, nor does he require any knowledge of theories of gunnery or ballistics if he can work a gun, nor of chemistry, physics or electricity if he has some knowledge of practical torpedo work.

As to the specialist in gunnery or torpedo, he will have none of him. He tells us that the instruction is useless, and he

quotes from the letter of one who has recently been through the course as follows :

That year at Greenwich is to my mind absolutely waste time ; the officers, unless of exceptional ability, having to work so hard at their *books* that they probably impair their health. They then find out, if they did not know it before, that except to enable them to pass an examination set by schoolmasters, all that they have learnt will never be of any practical use to them ; or speaking more correctly, the chance of any of it being of use to them is so small that it certainly cannot be held to justify the waste of a whole year's practical experience at sea at their best age for appreciating it.

This is, as Mr. Bellairs says in his next paragraph, "true conservatism," but the opinion given above is fortunately far from general. I thought it as well to write to a friend of mine, a naval specialist of far more sea experience than Mr. Bellairs, asking him simply if he concurred in the above, and here is his reply :

I most emphatically do not agree with Bellairs. In the first place the year at Greenwich is eight months. I think that it is absolutely necessary for all specialist lieutenants if they are not to degenerate into mere drill sergeants, and it is specially necessary for the shining lights among them, unless we are prepared to hand over all improvements and alterations in material to outsiders, soldiers, manufacturers, &c. The specialist officer is called upon to deal with unforeseen accidents connected with the material, to make intelligible reports and suggestions on it, and how he is to do that without some theoretical knowledge I fail to see. Apart from the mathematics taught at Greenwich, the physics and chemistry are most important for people who have to deal with electricity and explosives. . . . As to the series of lectures with, I presume, no examination at the end of them, the man who advocates them betrays ignorance of human nature, &c.

This appears to me conclusive, and a reduction of specialist training will unquestionably result in accidents, such as that which occurred recently on board the *Diadem* when testing fuses, through the ignorance of the men employed.

How far prejudice can go, if we are to put the hands of the clock back, is seen by the following story told by the late Sir John Briggs in his book on Naval Administration. The circumstance occurred in 1885, not many years after the

establishment of the *Excellent* as a gunnery depôt. The First Sea Lord was Sir John Poo Beresford, the Second Sea Lord was Sir Charles Rowley, Lord de Grey being First Lord. Sir J. Briggs says :

Sir Charles superintended the *Excellent* and gunnery, and upon my presenting to him one evening the gunnery examination papers of a lieutenant, he said, "Do you know, it is very strange but I don't understand all this. Pray, sir, what is the meaning of the word 'impact?'" I replied, "I rather think it means the force of a blow." He then said to Sir John Beresford: "What in the name of good fortune is meant by 'initial velocity?'" Sir John replied, "I'll be hanged if I know, but I suppose it is some of Tom Hastings' (the captain of the *Excellent*, Sir Thomas Hastings) bosh; but I'll tell you what I think we had better do—we'll just go at once to Lord de Grey and get that *Excellent* paid off. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is very anxious to get a reduction in the Navy Estimates."

The story goes on to say that they did go to the First Lord and recited their naval exploits in action before the day of this scientific bosh; the First Lord appearing to agree with them that the reduction would be very gratifying to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "but," he concluded, "I am afraid, my dear Beresford, I cannot sanction it, for you have no idea how d—— scientific that House of Commons has become."

Mr. Bellairs, however, cares nothing for fractions, let alone Euclid or Algebra, so perhaps he considers it of little consequence whether a naval officer is acquainted with such terms as "impact," or "initial velocity" as it is certain that many seamen can make good shots without making use of this unnecessary terminology.

Let us turn now to Mr. Bellairs' quotations in his endeavour to prove that "academic" education is useless, and that practice is all that is necessary. His reference on this point to Admiral Melville, the head of the engineering branch of the United States Navy, is singularly inappropriate, for if it proves anything it shows how the thorough grounding in theoretical studies at the "academy," prepares officers to take up any practical duties. No officers are more thoroughly taught on

shore than American naval officers; they join the college at any age between fifteen and twenty, and remain there six years, four years at the academy and two years at sea, after which they return to the academy for "final gradation." Whether this is a good plan or not is not now in question, but I would point out that Admiral Melville was dealing with these *fully instructed* officers,¹ and as he stated, practical experience was all that they required. Mr. Bellairs says that he did not suggest "a mathematical course" which would have been "adding the sum of more to him that hath too much," and would of course have been superfluous.

Now let us turn to his quotations from history which appear to me to be entirely beside the mark. His real complaint is that our officers of the junior ranks are too much ashore at the college, and that our most scientific officers have too little "sea time," and too much time at the Admiralty, or "harbour time," and he endeavours to illustrate this by referring to an entirely different state of things.

Villeneuve's complaint of his officers referred to the impossibility of getting practice at sea owing to the vigilant blockade of the British fleet. "Ils n'étaient pas exercés aux tempêtes," he pathetically remarks, and this applied not to officers only, but to the men, who were entirely without experience of life at sea.

The statement of Mr. Goschen, again, when at the Admiralty in 1873, that there was "a want of efficiency among naval officers owing to want of employment," was true then for the reason stated, but he did not repeat, and he could not have repeated this statement in 1900. Officers of all ranks up to that of admiral at all events are now constantly employed, some no doubt on duties on shore at the Admiralty, others on harbour service, but all doing good work in and closely connected with the navy. This is a very different thing from

¹ In the third year the course at the academy includes steam engineering, principles of mechanism, &c., as well as the differential and integral calculus.

spending years on shore on half-pay, possibly far removed from even a sight of the sea.

When Mr. Goschen spoke captains were often six to seven years on half-pay, but in the first half of the century after the great Revolutionary war officers might be sixteen, twenty, or even thirty years on shore; several of them did good work afterwards notwithstanding.

Of this many instances could be given. My first admiral, Sir William Parker, who did such brilliant service in the first China war, and was for many years "our only admiral," holding the Mediterranean for six consecutive years, '46-'52, was himself sixteen years on shore as a captain, and Lord Lyons was eighteen years in the diplomatic service before hoisting his flag as second in command on the outbreak of war with Russia. But these were men of exceptional ability, and there is no doubt that most of our senior officers employed during the Crimean war were inefficient from having lost touch, not only with a sea life, but with the service.

It is interesting to look back and show how nearly all our naval officers were perforce divorced from the sea during a long peace: of this I select the following instances.

I was in China when our new admiral, the Honourable Sir Fleetwood Pellew, came out in 1853 to take command of the station after twenty-eight years on half-pay, and some of his ways were so peculiar that he did not long retain the command. A distinguished member of the Upper House who commenced his career in the navy told me that when he first went to sea in the *Albion*, a line of battleship in the Mediterranean in 1845, his captain, Nicholas Lockyer, had been just thirty years a captain, and there were two captains in command of line of battleships on the station senior to him!

This is correct, as a Navy List of 1845 shows, the senior captain on the list at that time, John Clavell, having been "posted" in 1808, so that he had been thirty-seven years on the captain's list. Yet there was so little employment that many of our senior men in command of line-of-battleships

during the Russian war never "served their time" (five years "peace and war") as captains, and consequently never became admirals on the active list.

It is ludicrous to go back to the battle of Toulon in 1744, to quote St. Vincent in 1796, or Mr. Goschen in 1873, as having any bearing on the facts of the present day, except that as we all agree, an ounce of practice is worth a ton of theory, and that a sailor cannot be made by dry nursing ashore.

But surely we must admit that the navy has much changed since steam and electricity have superseded sails and hand power, and quick-firing breech-loaders, cordite, high explosives and torpedoes have replaced smooth bores and black powder. Even Mr. Bellairs would scarcely send naval officers to sea in entire ignorance of these matters, nor is it easy to see how much theoretical information connected with them is relevant or useful. I can only say that personally I should be in favour of increasing rather than restricting such knowledge throughout the service, even at the expense of time spent at sea. Captain Percy Scott, for instance, who did such good service in mounting heavy guns in South Africa, had undoubtedly a sound knowledge of mechanics and ballistics, yet we know that he is no mere theorist, and that both in the *Scylla* and *Terrible* he has established a record for good shooting. The fact of the navy having changed so much calls for a more scientific training than formerly. It was formerly a handicraft, it is now a science, and—it may be added—most of the sciences connected with the profession can be best studied ashore.

I hold then that the argument against naval officers being too little at sea, or too much on shore under training, or too much employed upon other duties than those of being at sea in a sea-going ship is founded upon a misapprehension. "The old order changeth, yielding place to new," and it is no more reasonable to carp at the shorter sea cruises of our modern ships, and to compare them with the long, tedious passages of our sailing ships fifty years ago, than to complain that fewer

hours are now spent on the road say between London and Edinburgh than days were spent a century ago.

It sounds plausible no doubt to say that a naval officer should be always at sea, but I hold that this theory has had its day to the detriment of the naval service, and that it still militates against its efficiency.

It was this theory which nearly placed our gunnery establishment in the hands of marine instead of naval officers, which for many years obstructed the formation of a naval intelligence department, and prevented the navy from having any naval representatives of gunnery and torpedo at the Admiralty, and which still places the supply of warlike stores to our fleet in the hands of military officials, who, whatever their professional capacity may be as experts, have little knowledge of or sympathy with naval requirements.

It is evident that either the navy must overflow as it were, and do its own work of administration, intelligence, and supply, or these duties must be entrusted to civil or military officers, who cannot be expected to take the same intelligent interest in naval wants that a naval officer would naturally show. I am strongly in favour of utilising naval officers in these ways in the intervals between sea service, and also of making use of competent retired officers in positions for which they are suitable, and in recent years this has generally been our policy.

But if this is to be done, special studies must be encouraged, and our naval officers must be prepared by their education to occupy the positions to which I have referred.

Does this however militate against their efficiency as "sea officers," which after all is the important point? Are our officers being turned into theorists and bookworms at present, or have not South Africa and China conspicuously shown that they have lost nothing of their readiness of resource and practical ability to carry out any service entrusted to them?

What then is the meaning of this Cassandra-like cry that we are over-educating our officers, and has it any foundation in fact? Mr. Bellairs is fond of appealing to naval history, but a

study of naval history shows that our most distinguished naval officers have been among the best educated of their day.

Against tough old Admiral Benbow, who after all was more gallant than successful, we have men like Hawke, Boscawen, Rodney, Howe, St. Vincent, Collingwood, all of whom were well educated men, and though Nelson's early training was defective, he did his best in later years to compensate for his deficiencies in that respect. He recommended young officers to learn French and dancing! He went abroad to learn French himself, and throughout his career he was always studying the methods in which he could keep his fleet efficient and attack his enemy. Professor Laughton speaks of his "untiring attention to detail," and the "thoroughness of his life-long study" as to the proper way of "going at them." His conduct in the West Indies as a captain, his diplomacy at Copenhagen, his speeches in the House of Lords, and above all, his admirable and far seeing despatches, show how far removed he was from the gallant though somewhat ignorant sailor which many believe him to have been when they call upon us to admire and copy our national hero. The special references made by Mr. Bellairs to Lord St. Vincent, who is represented to us as a man who looked upon sea service as the one thing needful for a naval officer, tempt me to complete the picture and show his real character. No doubt St. Vincent was a good sailor, and he expected seamanship and strict discipline from those under his command, but he had spent periods of eight and six years ashore on half-pay, during which time he had gone abroad to learn French, and he was an accomplished man. I do not know that he was a mathematician, and the sciences were not as necessary to a naval officer a hundred and twenty years ago as they are now, but he was First Lord of the Admiralty, a Member of Parliament, a statesman, a politician, and a reformer. His biographer, speaking of Keppel's defence in the court-martial which followed the indecisive battle off Ushant in 1778, says that it was much admired, but he adds:

Few are aware that the excellences of its rhetoric and style were due to the intellectual powers and literary acquirements of Captain Jervis . . . for these advantages he was indebted to his officer, and the officer by this important assistance to his Commander-in-Chief reaped the advantage of early and habitual study.

Turning to more modern days, Sir Geoffrey Hornby, under whom I had the honour to serve, and of whom Mr. Bellairs rightly speaks as "a great admiral," was a good mathematician, and as superior to most of his contemporaries in general education as in professional ability.

This indeed is usually the case with regard to successful men, and numerous examples of it could be given. Mr. Bellairs speaks in high terms of Rear-Admiral Moore and Captain the Honourable A. G. Curzon-Howe as recent captains of the *Britannia*. Both these officers have served directly under me, and there is no doubt about their abilities and capacity. The Admiralty were well advised in appointing them as captains of the *Britannia*, and they fully justified the selection; but their influence with the cadets, and the success of their term of command was due to their high character, general knowledge, and intelligence, more than to strictly seamanlike qualities, which the appointment afforded little opportunity of demonstrating.

I think then that the cry against over education and the time spent ashore by naval officers is overdone, and although both should be made strictly subservient to sea experience, I see no evidence that this is usually lost sight of in our navy, though special instances might be given in the case of certain favoured officers whose experience has been too much of the "beach combing" order.

Mr. Bellairs, in his second article, admits that the Admiralty are quite alive to possible dangers of mere "academic" training, as some recent orders show: but this is no new departure, for, since 1870 at least, periods of real service at sea have rigorously been insisted upon, and it was only three years ago that the Admiralty reduced the time at college for sub-lieutenants

passing who did not show any ability to profit by further instruction.

General education has its value in its proper place, as most officers know when it becomes a question between employing a lieutenant or a warrant-officer to perform anything outside ordinary routine duty, and that our future admirals should be provided with a suitable equipment to enable them to hold their own with other officials with credit to themselves and to the service goes without saying. I think this is the case at present, at all events I was gratified a short time since by being told by a very high official, that he had been much struck by the intelligence and general knowledge of the senior naval officers he had had to deal with.

From what I have said above I think I have made it clear that my view is in favour of a thorough preparation on shore followed by a practical training at sea. I do not think that our present system is satisfactory, though there is much to be said for it, and Mr. Bellairs' remedies appear to me to be much worse than the disease.

It is scarcely necessary to requote the scathing opinions of various committees which have been unanimous in condemning what the American Commission of 1880 called "a combination of makeshifts, resulting from a series of tentative and spasmodic efforts in almost every form which naval education is capable of taking."

The fact is that we have been halting between two opinions; a large number of officers holding strongly to the view that naval officers must go to sea young, as they themselves did, while the necessities of the times in which we live have plainly pointed to higher theoretical attainments than could be expected from boys of thirteen.

As the result the age for entry in the *Britannia* was raised by Lord Goschen recently to fifteen (fourteen and a half to fifteen and a half, Mr. Bellairs is wrong in stating it as over sixteen, as no youngster can be over fifteen and a half when he

joins, and the majority are under fifteen), and naturally the examination is more stringent accordingly.

In most foreign navies young gentlemen are taken at from fourteen to seventeen years of age into a naval academy or college with training ships attached, where they remain four to six years before being drafted to a sea-going ship; but it must be remembered that good public schools are peculiar to this country. In Germany the age for entering the college which has training ships attached is sixteen years and ten months to seventeen years and ten months, and they join the navy soon after nineteen.

Our committees have generally recommended that cadets should enter the navy at seventeen, that theoretical training should cease on entry, and the training under lieutenants be of a practical and professional character. This seems to be a reasonable proposal, the cadets being instructed in a college, with sea-going training ships attached, for eighteen months or two years. This is almost exactly the German system.

If this plan were adopted, naturally fresh arrangements with regard to uniform and pay would have to be made, and the poetical figure of the schoolboy officer, straining his "shrill pipe," as Byron says, would have to go, as many picturesque objects have gone before him in this utilitarian age, but a young man joining the college at seventeen, well grounded in all the requisite branches of study, and devoting himself to the practical part of his profession, would at the age of twenty or twenty-one be quite as capable and efficient in naval duties as under the present system. It is probable that were some such system as the above to be adopted the courses on passing for a lieutenant might be made purely practical, Greenwich being reserved for specialists and voluntary instruction of senior officers.

The objection is that previously referred to. That we must send boys to sea young is the general view of the senior officers. There is a touch of "We must catch 'em young or they won't go" in this notion, but it is difficult to see why our boys in

this island home of ours should be less willing to face the discomforts and risks of a life at sea, than other European or American youngsters. We may disregard this weak argument then, and let us see whether the early entry was so absolutely essential even in former days.

Nelson, it is true, first went to sea at the age of twelve, but for some years he made only occasional trips in merchant ships, so that his naval career did not regularly commence till he was fifteen. Lord Cochrane was eighteen when he first went afloat, and in more recent years the late Sir George Tryon was over sixteen when he went to sea, yet he was among our smartest and ablest seamen; the late Admiral P. H. Colomb was little younger, and other instances might be given. To enter late in those days was to "lose time"; yet owing, there is little doubt, to their better grounding and greater self-reliance, in the majority of cases those who entered late rose to be admirals.

That our system of entry and training then is not satisfactory appears clear, but it has been changed so recently, and there has been so much heat and feeling imported into the question, that it is improbable that any alteration will be made at present, and meanwhile I am somewhat apprehensive of our being left behind in the race for naval supremacy. However, we must be content in accordance with the Italian proverb, "*chi va piano va lontano*," and I hope that we shall continue to advance in the direction of the higher training of our future officers, and not take the backward steps recommended by Mr. Bellairs.

The demand for ships to be much at sea is at least a healthy one, and undoubtedly that fleet which keeps the sea most should be the most efficient. Are we in this behind other nations? Certainly not so far as my experience goes, and I have had special opportunities of observing foreign navies on distant stations, the conclusion I have come to being that our ships in commission are at sea two days for every one of those of the French or United States for instance, while as Kiel showed,

our ships are navigated and piloted far more reliantly and skilfully than those of foreign nations.

On more than one occasion I have heard foreign officers express their admiration and astonishment at the bold way in which our ships went in and out of harbour.

All this is as it should be, and the Admiralty and Commanders-in-Chief on foreign stations are quite alive to the importance of sea-cruising. True, the cruises are shorter than of yore, "salt junk" and ship's biscuit has given place to fresh or preserved meats and "soft tack," and many think that our sailors are getting soft and effeminate. But this is an old story. Other nations give their men at least as good food as we do, bread being regularly baked and wine issued on board French ships, for instance, and we do not want to go back to the days Roderick Random refers to of "Lobscouse" and "Salma-gundy," nor even to the weevilly biscuit which many of us can remember.

This is a digression which has little to do with naval officer's training, to which I will now return.

So far as there is any truth in the complaint made by Mr. Bellairs of the present system of training in the gunnery and torpedo ships, the Admiralty have been recently rectifying it by attaching sea-going ships to the harbour school-ships, so as to make the training as real and complete as possible.

The cry against theoretical or academic training is not, I think, justified; there are no doubt many important qualifications which no examination can test, but, as a rule, the best educated and most intelligent man will be the best officer, and the theoretical teaching which we should endeavour to give our officers should be such as to enable them to appreciate the problems with which they will have to deal in the days in which we live, when our ships are a mass of machinery with which they should be familiar.

I cannot but regret in concluding this article that, in differing from Mr. Bellairs, I have too often had to play the part of critic; but even now some of his allegations must, I

fear, remain unanswered, as they are sheltered by their vagueness. His last solemn warning as to our "precarious position in a war with a well organised maritime power," for instance, is a case in point, as it is followed oracularly by a caution that "Germany is preparing"—apparently to be the well organised maritime power referred to in the previous sentence. But Germany, as we have seen, aims at having scientifically instructed young officers, who go to sea after a sound preliminary training at nineteen—and neither the instruction nor the late entry meet with Mr. Bellairs' approval. In my opinion the German system is far more logical, scientific, and complete than ours. They wish to educate fully first, and no doubt their practical course is equally thorough.

Yet—criticisms and defects of training notwithstanding—the British navy still remains the first service in the world; the traditions are good, the *esprit de corps* is as high as it was in Nelson's time, when he spoke of his captains as "a band of brothers," and we have fortunately in high situations, at the Admiralty, in the Mediterranean, at the Reserves, as Controller, and in other positions, highly skilled and instructed admirals who zealously watch over the well-being of the navy, and are well aware that our peace training should be a preparation for war. The times are past when, as Sir J. Briggs tells us, a man-of-war would pay off after a three-years commission without having ever fired a shot from her guns, and, after all, the qualification of "the man behind the gun" depends mainly on the officer in high command who organises and directs.

For forms of Government let fools contest,
Whate'er is best administered is best.

No doubt there are further questions connected with this subject on which I have scarcely touched, as they only bear indirectly on war training.

Our officers are bad linguists, and there is insufficient inducement given them to qualify as interpreters; but, above

all, there is the question as to whether steps should not be taken to facilitate the amalgamation between the executive and engineering branches, which has already taken place in the American navy, and which appears for us too to be looming in the near future.

E. R. FREMANTLE.

THE OVERCROWDING OF LONDON

I. STATISTICS

IN the following paper I have only dealt with the question of overcrowding in London, ignoring the large towns and the smaller problem of house accommodation in the country proper. The causes of overcrowding may be the same in the large towns as in London, and similar remedies may be necessary, but it is, nevertheless, advisable to treat London as a separate problem, demanding more stringent treatment. The large towns are the centres of districts only, and, roughly speaking, draw their increase of population from those districts. London is the centre of the British Empire and draws its increase from the whole world. The London population again is so much larger than that of the largest of the great towns (Glasgow 731,000), that its actual bulk almost puts it into a class apart. The unity of the government of the great towns makes their problem an easier one to face. London, with its numerous municipalities, its City and County Council, all with housing powers, has a problem so complicated that it is difficult to discuss it as forming a part of the general question of the Housing of the Poor.

Since the beginning of last century the population of London has gone on steadily increasing. The rate of increase has varied, being greatest from 1801 to 1851, and decreasing

from 1851 to the last census, taken in 1896 for the purposes of the Equalisation of Rates Act. But though the rate is apparently decreasing, there is still an enormous yearly increase. In 1801 the total population was under a million (958,788); in 1896, it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions (4,433,018).

In the ten years from 1881 to 1891, though the rate of increase was only 10·38 per cent., London added to its population 397,924 people; that is, a population which would make a town bigger than any English towns except Liverpool, Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester, and with nearly 40,000 more inhabitants than Sheffield. In other words, London adds to its size every decennium a town bigger than Sheffield. The rate of increase from 1891 to 1896 is 4·75 per cent., and the total increase of 200,900 would fill a town almost as big as Newcastle-on-Tyne.

This increase of population would not be a matter of great concern if the increase of house accommodation had kept pace with it, if supply had adjusted itself to demand. But this is not the case. The 1896 census shows that inhabited houses are not increasing rapidly enough to house the increased population. From 1881 to 1891, the number of new dwelling houses built was 60,857, or an increase of 11·57 per cent. on the total houses, but from 1891 to 1896 the number built was only 9028, an increase of only 1·10 per cent. This, compared with the figures of increase of population, shows that while population has increased at the rate of 4·75 per cent., houses have only increased one quarter as fast; in other words *population has increased four times as fast as house accommodation*. The result is that the 1891 average of 7·74 persons to a house has increased to 8·01 in 1896, and the average population per acre, which in 1891 was 56·10, to 58·76 in 1896. This seems mild. The first impulse on reading these figures is to say that 8 persons to a house, or 58 to an acre, is not overcrowding. But of course the figures for all London are no guide to the truth for individual districts. The following table will form a better guide as to the overcrowding in central London:

If the table could have been compiled from Ward figures, the totals of the districts with over 150 per acre, would have been considerably higher. But this table shows a condition of things which is gradually growing worse, as the following analysis of the figures of increase and decrease of inhabited houses will show.

I cannot give the figures for each parish or extra parochial place, as the details take up too much space; but I have grouped the areas, and give the figures for each group. By central parishes I mean, roughly, parishes within two miles of Charing Cross—the other parishes lie outside this ring. I have given the City of London separately, as it is the bull's eye of the inner ring of parishes.

(a) In 15 areas in Central London the population has *increased* by 20,000, and the inhabited houses have *decreased* by 8071. If for these parishes the mean for all London of 8 persons per house is allowed, the decrease of over 8000 houses ought to have displaced a population of 64,568.

(b) In 21 areas in Central London the population has decreased 17,689, and the houses have decreased 5675. In these parishes, both houses and population have decreased; but, if the average for London of 8 per house is kept, there ought to have been a decrease of 45,400 in population.

(c) In 32 areas, 5 of which are central, the population has increased 245,757, and the houses have increased 20,487. Still keeping the average of 8 per house, the houses provided in these districts would re-house 163,896 persons.

(d) In 8 areas in Central London population has decreased by 473, and houses have increased by 49. These are the only places which have improved their condition; but, as their total area is 51 acres, they are unimportant.

(e) City of London population has decreased by 6552, and houses have decreased by 762. Here the decrease of inhabited houses is balanced by the decrease of population which has, of course, overflowed into other districts.

These figures show that the growth of inhabited houses is almost altogether in the outer ring of London; the inner ring has only five areas where the houses have increased, and in these five the total number of new inhabited houses is only 2584. Taken for all London, the result is, as I stated at the beginning of my article, an increase of 1·10 per cent. inhabited houses to accommodate an increase of 4·75 in population.

The number per acre will only show the district overcrowding in London. The extent of overcrowding can only be correctly estimated by an examination of the actual number of people who are living in over-crowded conditions. The figures for this are not later than the 1891 Census Return, which gives the number of tenements and the number of persons inhabiting them.

This return shows that 2,331,252 persons (more than half the total London population) are living in tenements of from 1 to 4 rooms. Analysing this population, I find

				Living three and more persons per room.
Out of 386,489 inhabitants of	172,502	1-room tenements,	214,843	
„ 688,942	„ 189,707	2-room „	210,173	
„ 662,443	„ 153,189	3-room „	53,454	
„ 593,378	„ 115,171	4-room „	6,828	
„ 2,331,252	„ 630,569	„	485,298	

Thus out of a total population of nearly $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, there are almost half a million living 3 persons or more per room. A further analysis shows the gradation of overcrowding amongst these 2,331,252 dwellers in tenements of from 1 to 4 rooms.

1,076,537	living two	per room.
759,417	„ two and less than three	„
300,094	„ three „ „ four	„
114,714	„ four „ „ five	„
43,443	„ five „ „ six	„
17,934	„ six „ „ seven	„
6,153	„ seven „ „ eight	„
1,848	„ eight „ „ nine	„

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648 living nine and less than ten per room.

270 „ ten „ „ eleven „

110 „ eleven „ „ twelve „

84 „ twelve and more

2,321,252 of whom 1,244,715 live two and more per room.

It is probable that the number of those living, say, over 7 to a room is understated, as it is generally difficult to get exact returns of severe overcrowding, because of the fear of eviction if the facts become known. However that may be, the analysis is sufficiently depressing, for it shows more than one-fourth of the total population of London living 2 or more to a room.

There is one more table which I wish to add to show the result on health of the overcrowding in some of the worst districts. I have had to give the figures for the large local government areas (Parish or District Board), as those for the wards do not exist.

Local Government Areas ; Population per Acre ; Death-rate, &c.

Name.	Population per Acre.	Death-rate per 1000 living 1886-1895.	Death-rate under 1 Yr. per 1000 births 1886-1895.	Open Space Area in Acres.
Bethnal Green	171·07	24·1	161	90 ¹ / ₂
Clerkenwell	174·21	25·5	173	7 ¹ / ₂
Islington	108·38	19·3	147	39 ¹ / ₂
Mile End Old Town . . .	154·00	22·1	151	10 ¹ / ₂
Newington	191·12	23·5	170	4 ¹ / ₂
St. George in the East . .	194·69	29·9	193	6 ¹ / ₂
St. George the Martyr . .	212·24	28·5	188	1 ¹ / ₂
St. James, Westminster . .	141·41	21·0	162	—
St. Luke	171·42	29·3	150	7
St. Martin in the Fields . .	49·22	25·5	199	120
St. Pancras	90·10	21·08	159	291
Strand District	143·26	30·0	202	5
Holborn District	186·20	27·7	205	11 ¹ / ₂
Limehouse District	125·38	28·0	189	11 ¹ / ₂
St. Olave District	93·84	25·4	175	21 ¹ / ₂
Whitechapel District . . .	217·19	24·9	164	10 ¹ / ₂
St. Giles District	157·11	26·2	152	8 ¹ / ₂
St. George, Hanover Sq. . .	70·48	18·1	139	281 ¹ / ₂
LONDON	58·76	21·0	155	6050 ¹ / ₂

It will be seen that the death rate follows the population per acre in most of the areas, except St. Martin, St. Pancras, and St. Olave, where with a small comparative number per acre there is a high death-rate.

In these areas the inhabited houses are comparatively less per acre, St. Martin's having 4·27, St. Pancras 9·01, and St. Olave 8·30; but, if the ward acreage were available, it would be found that the number per acre in several of the wards of these parishes was very considerably higher than the average for the parish.

The proportion of children who die before reaching one year is of great importance, seeing that out of the total births for the kingdom a large proportion are born in London: thus for one year (1896) out of 915,309 for England and Wales, the number born in London was 136,223. With a falling birth-rate for the United Kingdom, the figures just quoted are worth considering.

If the statistics are taken for smaller areas, the results of overcrowding on the infantile death-rate are more significant still. Thus for the year 1892, the infantile death-rate under one year for 1000 births for London was 154·8, for St. Pancras 173·5, for the Somers Town registration sub-district of St. Pancras 193·3; while for the part of the Somers Town insanitary area in St. Pancras called York Buildings the rate was 256·4.

II. REMEDIES

Any discussion of remedies for the relief of overcrowding must necessarily begin with an analysis of the causes which lead to the existence of the problem. I need not say much as to the causes of the actual increase of population in London. There has been discussion from time to time on the flocking of the country population into the towns, and suggestions have been made with a view to checking the immigration. But of course it is not the British country population alone which

recruits London. The increase is partly due to births inside London, partly to foreign immigration, partly to migration from British towns, and is caused not by agricultural distress in our own or in other countries, but by our industrial prosperity, and the immense growth of our towns as a consequent effect. Country people, provincial and foreign artisans think they will better themselves by coming to London. If they did not come of their own accord attractions would be held out by employers to induce them to come ; London must have the pick of the workers for those trades which are carried on in it or whose centre of exchange it is.

It is obvious, therefore, that no panaceas for dealing with agricultural distress in the United Kingdom or with returning the labourer to the land will solve a problem which is at bottom an industrial one. As long as our industrial prosperity continues we must recognise that there is no very great likelihood of the problem solving itself by the inflow ceasing and the present population adjusting itself to the accommodation in London, and we must deal with the causes of the actual overcrowding inside London.

Here the chief causes are the high rents and the lack of adequate means of communication to and from the centre.

High rents are, of course, due to the fact that London is the centre of the commercial world, and as the quantity of land is limited there is necessarily a keen competition for it. It is perfectly impossible for the artisan or labourer, and in many cases even for the professional man, to compete for house room in Central London against the merchant or shopkeeper whose economic existence depends on his central situation.

The maximum of rent which the working-class tenant can pay is so soon reached that it no longer pays the private capitalist to build for such tenants in Central London and speculative building of this sort has entirely ceased. It is a tendency of modern industrial progress to squeeze not only the superfluous inhabitants, but also the superfluous manufacturing processes, out of the centre of the great towns, and to fill their

places with premises used for exchange purposes. It is this tendency which is the cause of the decrease of inhabited houses in the centre of London, and which is causing an ever-widening ring of the London parishes to approximate to the position of the City proper, which, with a large day, has a small night population.

Unfortunately, though this economic development has been pointed out by economists, it has never been sufficiently recognised by either the makers of the law or its administrators.

When the first Housing Acts were passed, public attention was almost entirely turned to the uninhabitable condition of working-class dwellings, and therefore the clearance of insanitary areas occupied a foremost place in the Acts, and the questions of transit and municipal building fell into the background.

This is scarcely to be wondered at, for the framers of these Acts based their legislation on a belief that it was necessary to provide accommodation in the centre for as many workmen as possible; and as they did not foresee the transformation of the great towns into workshops they naturally did not provide efficient means for a large daily exodus of workmen, or make any provision for new houses to be provided outside the workshops. Following this legislative lead, housing administration up to the last few years has pursued a policy of clearing insanitary areas and rehousing as many of the displaced population as possible on or near the cleared site.

We are only now beginning to see that the Consolidated Act as it stands was based on a principle which disregards a later economic development, and that the magnitude of the present problem is partly due to the concentration of administrative energy on carrying out provisions which (however necessary from a health point of view) cannot do anything to cure overcrowding.

A momentary consideration will show that this is the case.

Insanitary areas are plague spots which have grown up in certain districts, generally because the land in those districts

has become so valuable for other purposes that it no longer pays to house the working classes on it except under unhealthy conditions.

Public health considerations demand the removal of the plague spot, but the law insists that, if the area is cleared, part or the whole of the displaced population shall be rehoused on the original site or in its vicinity. This provision was intended to do away with the hardship inflicted in clearing, but as a matter of fact it has now been proved that few, if any, of the displaced population moves into the new buildings. These buildings are therefore providing for wealthier tenants who are either drawn in from adjoining districts or encouraged to remain in the centre from which they would otherwise have gone out. The displaced population cannot afford the necessarily higher rents of the new buildings, and therefore crowd into the old houses in the neighbourhood, and thus not only tend to raise rents by competition, but help to hurry the old houses into slumdom.

The whole case for rehousing in the insanitary district disappears if the displaced population is not accommodated. It is absurd to build houses to tempt the outsider in to the overcrowded district where the business development is like a tide which is constantly encroaching upon the inhabited houses, and which if resisted in one place by the houses of the municipality will only encroach upon another part of the district and sweep the inhabitants out of that. Of course, insanitary areas ought to be removed, but there is no need to re-erect them or to continue a policy which will tend to create others. The area must be cleared, but the clearance and the provision of new buildings ought to be considered as separate questions. There can be no debate as to clearing—it is a sanitary measure as necessary as notification of an infectious disease—but the local authority ought not to be hampered by restrictions which complicate its administration. The law ought to ensure that no clearance adds to the general overcrowding in London, but the local authority ought to be free to exercise its judgment as to the

wisdom of housing on the original site, or building in any place it thinks desirable.

I have dwelt at some length on the clearance of insanitary areas, because the municipal experience gained in this administration is of the utmost value when discussing municipal housing as a cure for overcrowding, and because of the confusion in the public mind which results in clearance schemes being considered as part of a cure for over-crowding.

This experience shows plainly that housing in the central ring cannot be made to pay because the value of the land for housing is the lowest value, and it has naturally to be bought at its highest commercial value. Therefore the advocates of municipal housing in the centre as a cure for overcrowding must mean the community to pay the loss on the housing.

The problem is so big that many people are being driven to the conclusion that this is the only solution, and the new municipalities are expected to use their powers under Part 3 of the Housing Act, the cost of building to be met by rating ground values.

That this solution is a fallacious one can easily be shown.

The advocacy of building by any *central* municipality must involve an argument in a circle thus: the limited quantity of land causes competition for it, competition for land causes high rents, high rents cause overcrowding, therefore it is advisable to further limit the land by erecting dwellings on it to cure overcrowding; this erection of dwellings will cause still more competition, and the increased competition will lead to higher rents.

Some form of taxation of ground values will undoubtedly have to be adopted to meet the increasing necessary local expenditure of London, but an increased rate is not likely to make the land in the centre of London so valueless for commercial purposes that it can be used for housing. It might result in more building upon unoccupied sites, but there are very few of these in Central London. And the buildings erected on them would not necessarily be dwelling-houses.

There is a strong presumption that an increased charge would make the land still more costly, and even though the authorities may hope to obtain large additional revenue by the rate, this increase will do nothing to make housing in the central ring pay; and would probably lead to land owners and builders pulling down inhabited houses to make room for more paying commercial premises, and thus increasing overcrowding. To propose, therefore, that any revenue, new or old, should be applied to provide municipal buildings at artificially lowered rents is, I think, to propose a remedy which, with a large expenditure of public money, would considerably aggravate the disease.

I think it would be a perfectly safe rule that no municipality should build under Part 3 unless it could show a clear profit at a fair rate of interest. This would simplify administration by making it clear that it is impossible to house any large proportion of the population inside Central London, and that the bulk of Londoners must live in the suburbs or outside the county. If this is admitted it will be seen that the administrative problem which faces us is really one of drainage of human beings. If it is inevitable that the inhabitants of the centre shall be squeezed, how are we to ensure that they shall be squeezed out, and not squeezed up?

Allowing that only the absolutely necessary minimum must form the night population of the centre, how is the weeding to be done, how are we to ensure that only the necessary inhabitants remain behind, and how are the superfluous to be removed and accommodated?

There are undoubtedly thousands of persons now living in Central London whose occupations would permit of their living in the suburbs or even in the country near London. The popularity of places like Walthamstow and Leyton, and their rapid growth, shows that thousands have already realised this. Roughly speaking, it may be said that it is the more intelligent workmen who try to transport their families from Central London to better surroundings, where, if there is little beauty, there is, at any rate, enough air to breathe.

These people do not need pressure to move out, but they need means of communication and houses to move to, and in order to assist them the first amendment to the Housing Act which is necessary is a new Cheap Trains Act. I am afraid space will not allow me to give more than a rough outline of the necessary transit improvements, as it would require another article to deal exhaustively with this remedy.

The railway companies ought to be made to run a sufficient number of workmen's trains to and from all stations to within, say, ten miles of London, *without any regard to the number of workmen already living in the locality*, and in addition to this to issue workmen's tickets for all trains arriving in London up to 8 A.M. The fares ought to be adjusted by law and be as low as possible.

It would be advisable to insert a clause giving builders or landowners, who are anxious to develop a district, power to make representation to the Board of Trade that they are proposing to build a certain number of workmen's houses, and that train accommodation will be necessary in order to gain access to such houses. As the law stands at present the population must be provided before a cheap train is run, and as it is impossible to provide the population without a train to carry it, builders and landowners find themselves in a vicious circle. They must build for tenants who cannot get to their houses. Any guarantee that trains would be provided would lead to great development in districts within a few miles of London.

All the tramway companies also ought to issue workmen's return tickets up to 8 A.M. at a low price.

These provisions, joined with the energetic policy of tramway extension which the County Council is now following, and with the future development of electric railways, ought to do much to make up for lost time, and supply London with communication more adequate to the population.

These improvements will drain out those who wish to go. The bulk of the superfluous who will remain are those who have not much initiative, and who will in most cases follow the

line of least resistance. They are not very highly paid, they are ignorant of where to go, and they object to breaking up old associations and starting afresh. And so they prefer to crowd up rather than move out. And this not in the least because they like crowding, but because it is the easiest way out of the difficulty.

In dealing with this part of the superfluous population there are three great administrative difficulties :

- (1) How to make them move.
- (2) Where to put them.
- (3) How to transport them.

If the law were amended as suggested I should say the answer to the first is that the only way to make them move is by a rigid administration of the overcrowding provisions of the Public Health Act, 1891. Under this Act every sanitary authority in London can make and enforce by-laws for registering tenement houses, defining overcrowding, inspecting, enforcing decent drainage, and promoting cleanliness. The penalties are imposed upon landlord or tenant, and are inflicted at the discretion of the Justices up to the sum of £5.

Practically these regulations have been a dead letter with regard to overcrowding. By-laws have been made in every district in London, but have been either not enforced or so inefficiently enforced as to be no manner of use in the prevention of overcrowding.

The reason of this was the parsimonious and sentimental administration of the vestries and district boards. Few of these bodies employed a sufficient number of sanitary inspectors and any consideration as to the advisability of inspecting tenement houses was generally stopped by the prevailing false economy, while apart from economy the kind-hearted authorities always argued with a certain amount of truth that the poor people have nowhere to go if they are moved.

The London County Council now has power to build outside London, and, by an energetic policy of building under Part 3,

will largely add to the number of houses both directly by its own buildings, and indirectly by forming the centre of a movement which private enterprise will extend.

Given such development outside London and in the suburbs there would not be a great deal of hardship inflicted upon the unwilling superfluous if pressure were put upon them to show them that the line of least resistance is to go. And the improved communication would provide the way.

Even if the hardship were great it would be necessary. There is no other way of weeding the population, and the evil caused by inaction is many times worse than the evil caused by interference with those who could live out, but won't.

The hardship might be mitigated by the establishment of a central information bureau, where a register was kept of new or empty houses in the suburbs. Lists should be forwarded to all sanitary authorities of empty houses near their districts, and in districts served by railways whose termini are convenient, and the sanitary authority in serving overcrowding notices should call the attention of the overcrowded to these lists. The sanitary authority could be empowered, at its discretion, to pay part or the whole of the removal expenses.

These two classes of the superfluous dealt with there will then remain two classes of the necessary :

- (1) Those whose work demands that they should live near it.
- (2) Those whose chances of work depend on their central position.

With the first class it is a question of demand and supply. Any person who can succeed in getting high enough wages to enable him to live under stipulated healthy conditions in the centre can of course do so. In other words, if the employers of labour find it necessary to have their workmen close to their work they must pay accordingly.

The sanitary authorities' business is to insist on the carrying out of the stipulated healthy conditions. The question of rent is one to be settled between employer and employed, and any

municipal housing at a loss would merely be a bounty in aid of wages paid out of the rates, which, by tending to depress wages, would make it more difficult to pay high rents.

With regard to the second class it is to be hoped that improved trade organisation will gradually eliminate casual labour, but of course this will be a matter of time, and in the meantime they will have to remain in the centre. Room for both these necessary classes must be found by squeezing out the superfluous in the way I have suggested.

I have tried to indicate the lines on which any policy aiming at the cure of overcrowding must go if it is to succeed. The main point which I have wished to show is that overcrowding is due to competition between business premises and inhabited houses, and that housing schemes, promoted in districts where this competition is keen, must add to overcrowding. I may now sum up the remedies of which I have given an outline. These are :

- (1) Improvements in transit (extension of Cheap Trains Act, more electric railways and tramway extension).
- (2) Municipal building in any place where it can be made to show a fair profit, taking the land at its commercial value.
- (3) Rigid administration to prevent overcrowding inside London.
- (4) Registry of houses.
- (5) Higher wages for those in the centre, and elimination as far as possible of casual labour.

This last change is an economic one which must be effected gradually by voluntary action. Once the necessary amendments to the law are passed the other suggestions can be carried into effect ; but only by a slow and sympathetic administration by the local government bodies.

L. PHILLIMORE.

TRADE AND THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY

THE two largest dominions in the world are Great Britain and Russia. No two Empires were ever more radically opposite in disposition of territory: Great Britain with her colonies and dependencies scattered in every quarter of the globe; Russia lying massed together in one gigantic compact area of over 8,000,000 square miles, undivided by ocean or sea. The history of the rise and fall of nations can show that the most highly developed civilisations, the most enlightened and expansive peoples, have invariably originated in sea-girt lands, blessed with ample water communications. Hence we may naturally infer that "the land divides the peoples of the earth, the sea unites them." In our own day of swift railway progression, this axiom may at first sight appear a bold proposition unwarranted by facts. Railways and telegraphs, it may be claimed, have completely revolutionised the former methods of men, and water as a medium of intercommunication has lost its former supremacy. Nevertheless, we have only to contrast the existing conditions of Russia and Great Britain, China and Japan, Austria and Germany, and we are at once confronted with three eloquent object lessons, applicable to our own times, upon the transcendent superiority of water *versus* land in the political and commercial development of a nation. It was her watershed exploitation and judicious use of waterways which made England the world's pioneer in civilisation and commerce;

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it is her naval enterprise and development of inland waterways which have won for Japan the proud title of the "England of Asia"; and that Germany has left Austria far behind commercially is undoubtedly due in a great measure to the open seaboard advantage of the former country, put to excellent use. And if we turn again to Russia, we note that the far-seeing genius who first conceived the thought of making his country a Western Power was fully alive to the restrictive influence of her geographical position. Peter the Great realised the paramount importance of uniting Russia's mighty rivers with the open sea as the best means of developing her natural resources and promoting intercourse with foreign nations.

At the present moment Siberia is the part of Russia towards which the commercial as well as the political world is looking with eager anticipation. Could the great Peter but return to the world for awhile, one would be curious to view his attitude towards the methods being actually adopted for the long-awaited development of that huge land of promise. A Russo-Siberian railway right across the Tsar's dominions from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur is on the way to speedy completion. When accomplished, we are informed that this railway, connecting the Baltic with the Pacific, will be the largest enterprise of its kind hitherto undertaken, also that it will make Russia, geographically, politically and—most important of all—commercially mistress of Northern Asia. Such a grand ring of eloquence resounds in this imposing statement that three-fourths of its hearers will doubtless accept it at once without further inquiry. In order to gauge, however, the real sphere of influence which this great railway is destined to embrace (for, at any rate, a very considerable period of time) it will be well to take a survey of the country which it traverses.

It is, perhaps, mainly through the pages of fiction that the general public outside Russia has acquired its knowledge of Siberia, which consists, in truth, of a great deal more, and also of a great deal less, than the Arctic Sahara created by the

imagination of fluent novelists, and teeming, despite its supposed freezing aridity, with a villainous population of political exiles. Viewed seriously, as a whole it is a region of such enormous extent that even the fabulous number of Nihilists and Government suspects banished within its borders by the novelists would scarcely be more than the proverbial needle in a bundle of hay. As a matter of fact, it would be almost as reasonable and as correct to associate our latter-day Australia with penal punishment as to connect convict prisoners with the present generation of Siberian inhabitants. And although the population has more than doubled within the last fifty years, the latest census places it at only about 8,000,000, and this is spread over an expanse of more than 4,823,000 square miles, or, in other words, over a territory one and a half times the size of Europe.

We began by remarking upon the points of extreme contrast between Great Britain and Russia geographically. We may further note (as a natural sequel to this divergence) that no two countries were ever more essentially dissimilar in the nature and character of their peoples. Had Siberia been an English acquisition, one can hardly conceive the possibility of its capacities having been allowed to lie dormant as they have done for centuries. For it must be remembered that it is no recent Russian conquest. Russia has been gradually absorbing this immense territory since the reign of Ivan IV., a monarch contemporary with our Elizabeth. Thus Russia may be said to have obtained a foothold in Siberia at the time when England first planted her steps in North America; and where, we may ask, is Siberia as a factor in modern civilisation beside either the United States or Canada? And yet this Siberia has within its bowels sources of apparently exhaustless wealth. Whichever way we turn, be it to its mineral, vegetable, or animal kingdoms, we meet with evidence of an abundance of Nature's richest gifts.

With regard to her minerals, Siberia has coal existing in abundance in almost every direction. The Ekibastuz beds particularly are estimated to contain a yielding capacity of

some 8,500,000,000 tons. Although in the aggregate this immense quantity is not equalled by its quality, there are still several districts in which Siberian coal has been found to rise above the average quality. Iron, like coal, is distributed over almost the whole country, the two often lying in close proximity, and whereas Siberian coal has been pronounced inferior, its iron-ore, on the contrary, contains from sixty to eighty per cent. of pure metal, and may therefore be reckoned to be among the best that is known. Among precious metals, gold, both alluvial and quartz, is being discovered extensively in nearly every Siberian government; and in the Altai region, in the Steppe districts, in the Trans-Baikal, and the ranges of Eastern Siberia, silver, lead, copper, graphite, and other metals, as well as different varieties of valuable stones, are met with. Owing to its superior quality, Siberian graphite is capable of commanding an exclusive monopoly; it has already on several occasions been successfully exported to England. Many of the Siberian rivers are thickly impregnated with large deposits of rock-salt, and amongst other buried treasures of this somnolent land are amber, mica, naphtha, mammoth-bone, and alabaster, the latter in pretty well inexhaustible supplies. So much for Siberia's minerals; let us next examine its timber. It has virgin forests, reaching from the extreme south to the Arctic Tundras, and consisting of resinous woods of yellow and white pine, cedar and larch, or of birch, poplars, willows, or aspens. We are glad to note that the Russian Government is stepping in to restrict the devastations made for agricultural clearings on the more accessible fringes. Should these great timber reserves one day reach our British market, they must undoubtedly open a wide field of enterprise.

As a corn-growing country, Western Siberia, with its fertile black earth, may rank amongst the world's foremost granaries, for in it the finest wheat is grown, notwithstanding indifferent tillage and the most primitive implements. In the Minousinky region alone the grain may be measured by hundreds and thousands of bushels, and often the harvest is so plentiful that

in some districts it is left unreaped in the fields for want of means of conveyance to a market. Flax, hemp, and other fibres of excellent quality all thrive freely. The hop is indigenous in many parts, and to British growers would certainly suggest ample possibilities of cultivation; whilst a very moderate capital with a little enterprise would open an expanding trade in tallow, hides and dairy produce.

There is, of course, the noted Siberian fur industry, so abusively exploited by the reckless, wholesale slaughter of valuable fur animals. The present annual supply from the Yenissey province alone to the Nizhny-Novgorod and Irkutsk fairs, chiefly for export abroad, averages 1,500,000 squirrel skins, 10,000 sable, 1000 bear, 2000 fox, and 10,000 skunk.

Another source of a prospective industry is the fish supply of the rivers of Eastern Siberia, which might eventually become a possible article for export. These rivers abound in pike, bream, carp, perch, and several kinds not known in British waters. Salmon are so plentiful that even dogs have learned to catch them. It is no uncommon sight to observe a canine fisher making a meal off a large salmon which he has dragged from the water head first. Up to now, the only channel for the disposal of the fish is its limited consumption by natives as their chief staple of food. On the occasion of large catches, the dead fish are frequently left wasting in unsavoury heaps on the river banks. From the north comes the sturgeon with its famous caviar and isinglass; the seal, walrus, and porpoise catches are also worth noting.

Besides a rich fauna, Siberia can boast of a beautiful and varied flora, and if we except the rigours of the extreme Arctic Circle, its climate is healthy and agreeable, not unlike that of British America, with a clear, dry atmosphere and regularly recurring periods of steady heat or cold.

This is no optimistic, exaggerated account, but a plain enumeration of facts, corroborated by the *Industrial and Board of Trade Gazette*. As far as material and commercial significance is concerned, these natural riches are still of slight account,

whether locally or abroad. But we are assured that Siberia's treasures are to waste no longer. Out of the blank silence of an untilled past the Trans-Siberian Railway is to evolve a richly cultivated future. A single line of railroad nearly 5000 miles long is to accomplish this feat. A glance at the map shows that this railway cuts Western Siberia into two equal parts, and on entering Eastern Siberia deviates towards the south, leaving the entire northern and central regions out of its radius, albeit with an allowance of, say, 100 miles on each side of its track as a margin for its influence. Therefore it is obvious that Eastern Siberia, with an area of 62,000 square geographical miles, or more than twice the extent of Germany, Austria, and France taken together, must continue to remain, at least for an indefinite period, almost entirely dependent upon its own resources of locomotion.

The following table, derived from "The Industries of Russia," published by the Department of Trade and Manufactures of the Ministry of Finance, St. Petersburg, 1897, shows the distances from the nearest points of contact with the railway to some of the chief centres of industry, and serves as a further illustration of the extent of country which this railway is not likely to benefit in its projected form.

*From "The Industries of Russia," published by the
Department of Trade and Industries, 1897.*

Town.	Approximate Number of Inhabitants last Census.	Nature of Industry.	Approximate Dis- tance from nearest Railway point, in miles, converted from versts.
Tobolsk . .	20,000	{ Commerce and Manufacture }	400
Tumen . .	25,000	{ Commerce and Manufacture }	200
Barnaoul . .	17,000	Silver Mines	200
Biysk . .	17,000	Gold do.	300
Kohetinsk . .	15,000	do. do.	700
Olekminsk . .	10,000	do. do.	800

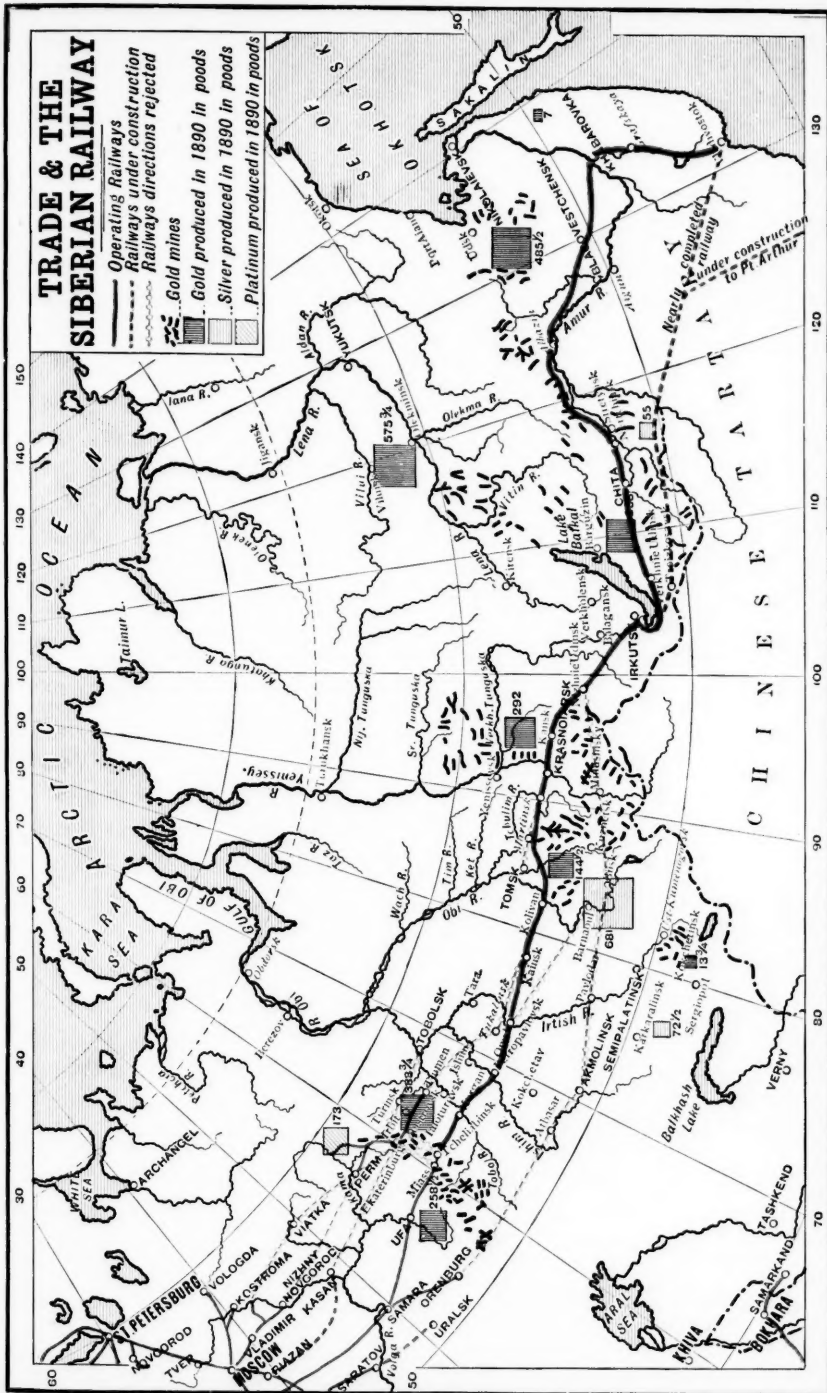
We need only, as an instance, apply such a proposition to our own little island. Could a single line of rail from south to north satisfy this country's wants or tend to develop its industries? How much less significant must be the importance, then, of such a railroad in a country covering an area some forty times greater than that of England? Or let us imagine the whole of Europe under the rule of one monarch with one single line of rails stretching from St. Petersburg to Bordeaux, and with no other outlet to the world in the whole continent; a railroad, moreover, not in the hands of a commercial company, bent upon making it pay, as is, let us say, the Canadian-Pacific Line, but a line under the control of the Russian *tshinovnik*, far removed, as in the case of Siberia, from the seat of central government, and with a time-table absolutely without guarantee against arbitrary shunting and detention of goods-trains in accordance with the caprices of any petty station-master. What benefits, especially in her commerce, would Europe at large derive from such a railway? It seems to us that under such circumstances her trade returns would scarcely require a special Government department for registration and report.

It may be urged, however, that a trunk railway is usually the precursor of branch loop lines destined to bring together the outlying circuits. True; but here we have to bear in mind that this promising railway has been in course of construction since 1891, that it is not likely to be completed before 1903, and that, according to authentic reports, it is so badly laid that to render it safe and serviceable the greater part of it will have to be rebuilt; whilst its total cost, originally estimated at 350,210,482 roubles, has already reached the figure of 850,000,000, and will probably far exceed this sum before the proposed terminus is reached.

Carriage of goods by sea is more than 50 per cent. cheaper than by rail, at the lowest estimate. The present rate of freight by sea from Hankow to London or Hamburg is 42s. 6d. per ton of 40 c.ft. Goods from Hankow by the Great Siberian Railway have to be transhipped *via* Port Arthur by

TRADE & THE SIBERIAN RAILWAY

- Operating Railways
- Railways under construction
- Railways directions rejected
- Gold mines
- Gold produced in 1890 in pounds
- Silver produced in 1890 in pounds
- Platinum produced in 1890 in pounds



steamer, involving extra freight and charges. From Port Arthur to the Baltic is a distance, say, of 5000 miles (a very low computation); the carriage by rail on this basis would be equal to 0·102*d.* per mile. No railway in the world could cover its bare working expenses at such a rate of carriage. The New York Central—the greatest railway system in the world—can carry goods at the lowest possible figure, *i.e.*, $\frac{1}{4}$ *d.* per mile, average earnings. There is no goods tariff of the Great Siberian published, unfortunately, but the above rough calculation will suffice to illustrate the improbability of this railway ever becoming the prophesied great power either in developing the industry and resources of Siberia or in competing successfully with the oceanic traffic to the Far East.

One word, too, as to the Trans-Siberian Railway's passenger accommodation. We read of a *train de luxe* which leaves Moscow weekly, furnished with sleeping, restaurant, library, and bath cars, and on the Siberian section with additional church and gymnasium cars. A commodious and luxurious train service crossing picturesque scenery can frequently create a trade of its own. Enterprising speculators quickly perceive points of vantage for the erection of hotels and provision stores. Given a country with an interesting topography and a good climate, a railroad can soon transform an unsophisticated primitive hamlet into a fashionable health or tourist resort. But Siberia is not such a country, and appears to us too far out of the beaten track for such contingencies. Inquisitive millionaires and wealthy globe-trotters may undertake the journey, but we may safely assert that the majority of tourists will look askance at the prospect of some twenty days' jolting at fifteen miles an hour through monotonous steppes and dense forests in order to reach their destination in the Far East, and will prefer the more pleasurable and health-giving experience of a sea voyage in a trustworthy P. & O. steamer, albeit the voyage may take a week or ten days longer.¹ The traveller

¹ This difference in time is bound to be considerably reduced under the present progressive rate in speed attained by new-built steamships.

who has tried the railway in its present state is anything but enthusiastic as to its merits.

In a recent article in the *Finanz-Chronik*, Mr. C. A. Moreing, the well-known mining engineer, writes :

I have just returned from Peking by the Siberian route. I left Shanghai for London on May 12, and travelled by steamer to Vladivostok, and from there to Moscow, *viâ* the Amoor river and the Siberian Railway. The journey from Shanghai to London by this route occupied 51 days. Baron von Goltz, the first secretary of the German Legation at Peking, accompanied our party. The journey through Siberia was slow, monotonous, and uncomfortable to the last degree. We found the Siberian Railway in a very bad state, badly constructed with very heavy gradients, sharp curves, light rails, and generally in an inefficient condition—in fact, in its present state the Siberian route as a means of communication is quite impracticable. . . . It will be a precarious and uncomfortable journey for many years to come.

Another traveller states that paucity of sidings to allow of goods-train shunting is among its chief drawbacks. At the moment of writing this we read in the press telegrams that the ordinary passenger traffic is interrupted and absolutely stopped along the whole line while troops are being forwarded to the Far East, and previous press telegrams state that the immigration of peasants from European Russia has been prohibited during the transport of troops to China, and the peasants have been ordered to return to the homes they have abandoned. Similar interruptions must be of inevitable occurrence on Russia's only railway communication with her important and vulnerable possessions in the East. Here we have the true purpose of the great Siberian Railway. It is primarily, like its modest prototype the Trans-Caspian Railway, of strategical intent, and so, we venture to predict, it will remain for some time to come, offering little or no material advantage to traders, and no pleasant holiday attractions to tourists.

If Siberia is to develop into the busy centre of international trade that its abundant resources fully entitle it to become, some other means must be employed than a single unreliable railroad. The means are already in existence, afforded by the natural features of the country. Siberia has a water system

equalled only by the waterways of northern South America. In Western Siberia there is the Obi-Irtysh system, with numerous tributaries, forming a basin of some 41,500 geographical square miles. In Eastern Siberia there are (1) the Yenissey and Angora Basin, with a watershed of 54,000 geographical square miles; (2) the Yukutsk region, abundantly watered by magnificent navigable rivers—amongst them the gigantic Lena, with its tributaries the Vitin, Olekma, Aldan, and Vilui, watering an area of over 43,000 geographical square miles. It has been proved by competent navigators and such authorities as Captain Wiggins that these broad, deep, smooth-flowing rivers are navigable almost to their sources—various barriers, such as cataracts, being removable with comparatively little engineering difficulty. Siberia, therefore, possesses a series of arteries in every direction, by which steamers could deliver their cargoes into the very heart of the country—at Yenisseysk by the river Yenissey, and at Lake Baikal by the Angora. Utilise these serviceable waterways and Siberia will have the cheapest commercial highroad for the importation of the machinery and the modern appliances so sorely needed for the working of its mines and the general improvement of agriculture. That these rivers are all of them more or less subject to drawbacks incidental to their winter season, when navigation must necessarily cease, is admissible, yet we maintain that the regular icebound periods of the Obi and Yenissey are certainly far easier to cope with than the unavoidable and arbitrary official railway detentions already alluded to.

Open seaports and river entrances are not lacking to the Far East. To the north-west there is the Kara Sea, which affords an entrance into the Gulfs of Obi and the Yenissey. This route has frequently been neglected on account of its brief freedom from ice, yet an impartial, careful study of the matter reveals here many practical advantages to Siberian trade in which the projected railroad is deficient. For example, the experiment made of bringing brick-tea transhipped in London to Siberia *via* the Kara Sea resulted in a saving to the

importer of 3 roubles 50 kon. per pood ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$ per lb.) on the cost, and a saving of over twelve months in the time of delivery. Brick-tea, it should be mentioned, is the only quality within the reach of the Siberian peasantry, and gives them their chief beverage; on account of its low cost it would never pay to bring it from China by rail, and the same argument applies to most of the Siberian raw produce for foreign export. What has been so far accomplished has been done by English companies in a tentative manner with ordinary trade steamers rudely equipped for Arctic seas. Failure in the maintenance of this route is to be attributed not so much to its precarious climatic conditions as to a lamentable want of organisation exhibited by negotiators, together with an insufficient knowledge of the country and its people.

Captain Wiggins, the veteran explorer of these waterways, has given us practical illustrations of their adaptability for commerce by delivering in his ship cargoes from England to the town of Yenisseysk in the centre of Siberia. Other surveyors and engineers assert that a short railway, reaching from Obdorsk on the Obi across the Yamal peninsula to Belkoe (a safe anchorage bay on the N.W.) would serve to remove the present risks attending the entry of ships through the Kara Sea Gates, save considerably in the freightage and cost of delivery of cargoes, and prolong navigation with the Obi by over six months in the year.

At this point the question may naturally suggest itself why these waterways have remained practically overlooked, seeing that so little pains and outlay might convert them into flourishing navigable channels of commercial intercourse. The answer lies in a political nutshell. The traditional policy of the Russian Government towards trade has been one of hostile tariffs and differentiation against all foreigners. In Siberia's case this aggressive policy has been aggravated by the refusal to amend a prohibitive tariff arranged for the protection of a few Moscow merchants and manufacturers, jealously guarding a monopoly of overland transit which has been hitherto wholly

in their hands, and which would be prejudiced by a cheap all-reaching river and sea traffic.

In spite of the determined opposition of the Moscovites, the Siberians have succeeded from time to time, by dint of urgent petitions and remonstrances, in wresting from the Government certain reductions in the duties on the sea-delivered necessities of life, such as brick-tea, candles, paraffin, preserved fruit, &c. The effect of these concessions tended towards inaugurating a mutually profitable import and export trade between Siberia and Western Europe *via* the Kara Sea. And although the few existing concessions do not in themselves afford adequate encouragement to capitalists willing to prosecute this sea-trade, it is nevertheless precisely in these spasmodic concessions, albeit small and grudging, and not in an attempt to force traffic for the support of a Government railway, that we see dawning Siberia's best chance of future commercial prosperity. That a commercial Eldorado is there is sufficiently patent; moreover, the impetus required by Siberia would carry her, it seems to us, exactly in the direction most closely parallel to the course of British trade instincts and interests. The vitality of any country is centred in its commerce, whence springs, as often as not, its political prestige, and the strongest link between nations is perforce forged by convergence of trade interests. Could a channel of Anglo-Russian industry be established along the waterways of Siberia, we might then reasonably hope to see brought about that political *entente cordiale* so desirable between two Empires which form, as we remarked at the outset, the two largest dominions upon the face of the globe.

ALEXANDER KINLOCH.

LONDON : A SEAPORT

ALTHOUGH situate sixty miles from the open sea, London has been from early ages the principal seaport of the United Kingdom, in late years becoming one of the greatest centres of commerce the world has ever known. The great river which serves her, some 250 miles in length, is navigable by barges for about 200 miles, and by an elaborate system of connecting canals maintains free communication for water-borne traffic with most of the interior counties of Great Britain. Of late years, however, many causes have operated to lower her pride of place. The construction of the Suez Canal in 1865 struck a heavy blow at her supremacy. Formerly the bulk of Eastern produce was carried in British ships to London by the old Cape route, but after the construction of that canal foreign ships began to compete seriously with British for the carriage of Eastern goods; and continental nations saw and seized their opportunity. The seaports of Havre, Antwerp, Ghent, and Hamburg were developed and increased at the expense of London, and became her most active competitors. In Great Britain, Liverpool, Southampton, Hull, Manchester, and other ports were developed and increased. In the same year the successful inauguration of submarine telegraphy inflicted a serious blow to the preponderance of London. Prior to its introduction the merchant princes of London had practically the monopoly of direct knowledge as to crops in India, China, Ceylon, &c., and by consigning the produce to

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London had been enabled to control the market supplies and, indirectly, market prices. Telegraphy, by disseminating such information broadcast, put an end to this monopoly. Whilst all this competition necessarily resulted in the lowering of rates on shipping and on produce, expenses in London were increasing by leaps and bounds. Heavy taxation, the high price of labour (owing to the Dock Strike) all added their quota to the difficulties under which London laboured. Foreign bounty-fed warehouses brought about further reductions in charges. Moreover, the constantly increasing size of steamers added fresh difficulties. The Thames, peculiarly liable to silt at her mouth, required deep dredging. The river authorities being too numerous, and lacking in concentration, have barely kept up with the times, and London is now face to face with the need of heavy expenditure, estimated at two millions sterling, for this item alone.

The London and India Docks, hard pressed under such conditions, had to seek for further sources of revenue to keep their heads above water, and endeavoured in the last session of Parliament to get an Act passed authorising them to place a toll upon barges passing their lock gates, and upon the produce they carried. This proposal met with most strenuous opposition and the Bill was not pressed to a second reading, but a Royal Commission was appointed, and is now sitting, to inquire into the position of the Port of London.

It is obvious that nothing short of drastic methods will suffice if London is to regain her former position or even maintain her present one, and it remains to be considered what methods should be adopted.

In the first place, the river must undoubtedly be adequately dredged. Expert opinion differs considerably on this question. Some urge that nothing short of a 30-foot channel would suffice; but, seeing that the bulk of London trade comes through the Suez Canal, it would appear to a layman that the depth of that canal should be the governing factor in deciding

the point, and that a 26-foot channel from the mouth up to the entrances of the Surrey Commercial Docks would suffice for the moment. Deep dredging above that point might seriously imperil the foundations of the riverside buildings. The dock sills, at present, have only a depth of 26 feet, and unless they are lowered a 30-foot channel would be wasted. But the channel should evidently be widened. One thousand feet is bare width for vessels such as those of the P. & O. and Orient Line—many of which are 600 feet long. The whole river from Westminster Bridge to its mouth must be put under the control of one authority.

Next, the river must be freed from the existing monopoly enjoyed by the Watermans' Hall. The days have long gone by when it was necessary to have specially licensed lightermen. Whereas formerly they were required to navigate their barges under oars, now the work is entirely done by tugs, and all that is required is a registration of barges under the Central Authority.

Some antiquated trade customs in London, which result in heavy loss to British merchants and importers, must be abolished: London should be brought into line with Liverpool and Continental ports in this respect. Thus, for instance, bags (say of coffee) are, in London, weighed singly and to the pound; not only does the importer lose the turn of the scale on each bag, but he also loses any odd fraction of one pound, say 12 ozs., which is not allowed for. Goods should be weighed in drafts of five or ten at the time and to the half-pound; odd ounces below the half-pound going to the lower weight, above to the higher. Similarly with taring bags (or weighing the actual bags which contain the goods): they should be weighed in drafts and averaged. London alone retains these obsolete customs, amongst others, and must necessarily be handicapped in competing with Continental and out ports.

The docks themselves require remodelling to suit present requirements. Their construction is good enough in most

cases, were they self-contained; but unfortunately, owing to the length and sinuosity of the Thames, such is not the case. The docks have to be situated too far from the centre of commerce for the housing of all goods—consequently the goods have to be brought up, to a very large extent, in lighters, to the various more favourably situated warehouses. No real provision has been made in dock construction for such services; and it is obvious that if London is to avoid the slur of being a slow and inconvenient port, this point will have to be seriously considered. Side canals, for the barges, on the opposite side of the sheds to the ships have been suggested as the best means of coping with this difficulty.

The main point now remains for consideration—how these various remedies can be carried out. The London and India Docks, with their somewhat meagre revenues, cannot undertake any large expenditure. The creation of a Dock Trust to control the waterways and quays has been suggested in many quarters; and if brought about, the unification of all the various controlling authorities of the river would be valuable, and a step in the right direction. But there are serious difficulties in the way. The Docks themselves would no doubt strenuously resist any divorce of their shipping business from their warehousing business, even if such a divorce could be carried into practical effect. It is difficult to see how any such trust could obtain a sufficient income from existing sources without considerable assistance from the public in the shape of fresh taxation, nor is it easy to see how any such body could effect any considerable lowering of London charges; while, in view of present competition, it seems evident that such lowering is needed if produce in bulk is to be tempted back to London.

All things considered, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that a trust on a more extended scale is the one panacea to meet all requirements. A partial trust, as suggested above, would be hedged around with difficulties, and would only be grasping the shadow without the substance. Is a

trust embracing the warehouse business of the docks and wharves, as well as controlling the river and the shipping, desirable and practicable? As to the first question, there can be but little doubt that if London is to be made a popular port, the foremost port in Great Britain and the Continent, large sums of money must be expended in dredging and in bringing our dock system fully up to date; also that London charges should be reducible and reduced. Under present conditions such reductions are not possible. Dock directors have to earn dividends for their shareholders if they can; warehouse keepers have to make a living, and any reduction of London charges cannot be hoped for. Under a trust that includes in its scope all these waterside interests, it is not only possible but certain.

A corporation trust should therefore be created on these lines. The next question requiring a solution is, "Is such a trust practicable?"

The capitalisation question is naturally the first point for consideration. The capital invested in the various docks, at market values, in November last, has been estimated to amount to between seventeen and eighteen millions of money; that invested in public wharves at not less than fifteen millions. Obviously these interests could not be expropriated at ground values. They would have to be valued by competent authorities, and ten per cent. added for compulsory purchase, which would bring up the total to something more nearly approaching forty than thirty-five millions. Taking the higher amount for the purpose of rough calculation, a sum of £1,200,000 would be required annually to pay three per cent. interest on the forty millions. The minimum net profits of the docks and wharves have been estimated at £1,350,000, thus leaving a considerable credit balance. Nor must it be forgotten that such a trust could effect a very large reduction in expenses, by means of concentration and reduction of all the headquarter expenses of the several docks and wharves. It is therefore

suggested that a trust should be formed on these lines to acquire, under the guarantee of the Corporation of London, the whole of the docks and public wharves in the interest of the City of London, with power to levy tolls and charges on shipping and on goods; that this body should be formed of representatives of the Corporation, the docks, wharves, shipowners and produce brokers; that all control of the river from Westminster Bridge to the mouth of the river should be vested in it; that a loan of, say, £40,000,000 should be raised on this guarantee, with the additional security of the freeholds of the various docks, warehouses and wharves; that after paying the interest charges on this loan and maintenance expenses, all further profits should be compulsorily applied—first, in improving the river and in affording better quay and dock accommodation, and secondly, in reducing charges on produce and on shipping; that warehouses should be grouped together for economy of management and to suit the interest of traders; that all undesirable or useless docks or warehouses should be pulled down and their sites realised for other purposes.

It would be necessary in the interests of such a trust that riverside property for some distance below London Bridge—possibly as much as six miles—should be scheduled for the trust, with compulsory powers of purchase for a fixed statutory period. It is not anticipated that such powers would be largely exercised, for the dangers of competition against such a trust are more imaginary than real. Few people, indeed, could enter into successful competition against such a body—one having no shareholders to consider, and whose surplus profits are necessarily employed in reducing charges, and whose warehouses are grouped together in the manner suggested. This scheme may appear to be too grandiose and ambitious to some minds; to others to savour somewhat of socialistic principles. That it is practically the municipalisation of the Port of London in the interests of the citizens may be freely admitted, but that

it is the true logical outcome of the idea of a trust, that it would operate in the interests of the trade of the port and of her traders, cannot be gainsaid, whilst if it is sound in principle, and the best possible solution of London's difficulties, its magnitude should be no deterrent.

HENRY V. HART-DAVIS.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE BOER

THE nineteenth century has known the Boer of South Africa mainly through his efforts to avoid British jurisdiction and establish independent republics at the centre of South Africa. His efforts in this direction have been characterised by so much bravery, moral virtue, and religious piety that he has succeeded in drawing to his side the sympathies of continental Europe as against the one country whose flag represents freedom of commerce, religious tolerance, and local self-government. Yet at the beginning of the nineteenth century the Boer's highest ambition was to escape the tyranny of Holland which was then represented by the spirit of the old Dutch East India Company.

It is a sad reflection that political and religious intolerance should have been the mainspring of movements which have done great good to our race. The religious bigotry of France sent forth the Huguenots; the petty princes of Germany drove the most enterprising of their people to America. Brazil was leavened by a nucleus of Portuguese Jews who were outlaws in their own country. They served the cause of humanity better than their bureaucratic masters. The first Englishmen who settled in New England, and who gave the strongest impulse in the direction of America's future progress, abandoned their country in order to escape a tyrannical Church government. And if to-day the white man has planted his

foot securely upon the high central plateau of the great black continent we must seek the cause in the intolerance which characterised the rule, not of England, but of Holland as represented by her famous East India Company. In the case of Spain, Portugal, and Holland, three countries whose colonial expansion was abnormally rapid, and whose decline appears at first sight equally remarkable, certain elements strike us in the very beginning of their career. Spain and Portugal developed their greatest strength at a time when their people still enjoyed considerable self-government. National feeling and religious feeling had been stirred to the utmost by generations of warfare against the common enemy of their country and their religion. The discovery of a new world to the West and another to the East gratified the longings of the people for adventure, and of the Church for the spread of Christianity. The money which poured into the treasuries of Lisbon and Madrid from Peru and Mexico, India and the Moluccas, was spent in further military display by means of which the liberties of the people were ultimately destroyed, and on their ruins was reared a monarchy whose life came from contact with a Church whose own vitality was sinking fast.

The virtues which made Spain and Portugal strong in the days of Columbus and Vasco da Gama no longer existed. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Philip II., though acknowledged as the richest and most powerful of kings, found that his most mighty Armada was chased into fragments by a handful of English fishing boats armed with men like Drake and Hawkins. In the Netherlands his troops, reputed invincible, were repeatedly baffled by Dutchmen, whose country on the map hardly shows land enough to make the canals worth digging.

The years which saw Spain and Portugal rich in soldiers, but poor in liberty, found little Holland an insignificant State in what pertains to pomp and circumstance of government, but unsurpassed in the qualities of civic and commercial rectitude, religious tolerance, and aptitude for navigation. Her people,

a handful of amphibious heretics on a few square miles of bay and sand dunes, staggered the humanity of that day by the ease with which they held their own against the mighty ships of Spain and Portugal. Little by little they learned the secrets of the Far East; learned the relative values of spices and silks; established peaceful relations with native rulers and found that their rivals were universally hated because of their despotic methods, not to say cruelty. Portugal's unpopularity in the Far East was Holland's opportunity. Her leading merchants wisely concluded that they might profit by Spanish and Portuguese failure; contest the commerce of the world, not as conquerors or even monopolists, but merely as traders who would fight only when themselves attacked.

In 1602, therefore, was formed that famous Dutch East India Company which embodied the highest commercial spirit of the age, and was a huge step in advance of anything conceived in Spain or Portugal. It was to some extent a national institution, its shares being held by the different chambers of commerce throughout the country. From the beginning it reflected the correct mercantile habits of the nation and gained its ascendancy in the Far East by constantly holding high her commercial honour. The clerks and agents of this Company were held to strict accountability, were forbidden to trade on their own behalf, and above all, were forbidden to approach the natives in any other capacity than as merchants. This was so radical a departure from Spanish and Portuguese precedent as to win for the Dutch the reputation of belonging to quite another race and religion than that of Europe. The Dutch sent no missionaries, and did not, in the beginning, even care to build forts. The trade they offered was so valuable that Eastern merchants found it to their interest to cultivate Dutchmen, in proportion to their dislike of Portugal and Spain. In Japan the story is still current that Dutch traders were admitted when the Portuguese had been driven out, because when interrogated regarding the religion which the

friars had made odious, the new comers answered that they were not Roman Catholics, they were Dutchmen.

The awakening of Holland as a colonial power was under conditions somewhat analogous to those under which Spain and Portugal produced their heroes. At the end of the sixteenth century, the Dutch had emerged from a period of warfare against a political and religious domination which they detested, and were in exactly that state of national exaltation which fits men for enterprises of a daring nature. At this time England and Holland had a common bond in hatred of Spain and the Papacy, and neither country had yet developed strength enough to make her progress seem a danger to that of the other.

Modern economists have had much to say against privileged trading companies, no doubt influenced by the fact that nearly all of them have ended in bankruptcy owing to corruption and mismanagement. The Dutch East India Company did not live to see the end of the eighteenth century, though it lived too long for its reputation; yet with all the faults of its latest years, it accomplished a task at the beginning, which would have been almost impossible without such an organisation. In those days a voyage to the East Indies meant an absence of two, or even three years, and a capital outlay beyond the means of private individuals or even firms. The vessels had to be armed for fighting, not merely pirates, but the ships of rival countries. The fitting out of a merchant ship 300 years ago was almost as much of a venture as in our day the journey of Stanley across Africa. To-day the trading ship's captain has a chart of the seas he proposes to navigate; in every port he finds a consul who watches the interest of his flag; his cargo is consigned to an agent who unloads the vessel for him, loads it again, and settles all accounts with the owners. He finds assistance not merely at the hands of his own countrymen, but from those of every other nation, and, in short, the trade to the Far East to-day resembles more a yacht cruise in one's own waters than the voyages we are considering when the Dutch East India Company was formed.

There were then no charts or lighthouses or consuls or agents of any kind, to help the mariner in difficulty. If his ship was wrecked the crew as well as the cargo were deemed the property of those into whose hands they fell. Dutch and English sailors were put to death or enslaved when they fell into Spanish or Portuguese hands—indeed in those days the white man fared better at the hands of the Japanese and Chinese coasting population than at those of his fellow Christians on the shores of Europe. In those days not only was war itself a trade, but trade itself was war, and costly as all war must be. Trade therefore had to be organised, and treated as a form of war. Dutch merchants, before the founding of the Company, had no means of regulating the interval between cargoes. A ship might enter an Eastern port after a costly journey, and find that one or more ships had preceded her, and overstocked the market; whereas, had those vessels come at regular intervals, each might have realised fair profit.

The Dutch East India Company was therefore nothing more than a practical application of commercial principles to a commercial question far beyond the capacity of a small corporation. We see the same sort of thing every day in America under the name of a Trust, which unites under one control a number of industrial enterprises of analogous character for the purpose of economy in administration and consequently great immunity from competition. The ultimate object of all trade combination is monopoly, and the object of good government is but to prevent monopoly while, at the same time, encouraging trade and commerce. The railways of the United States are successful in proportion as they are organised in great systems, but it is equally obvious that they could be tyrants if permitted to form a monopoly which should have the power to exclude all competitors and charge whatever rates they chose.

The original monopoly of the Dutch East India Company was a trust in which the chief trading communities were represented as share owners. This trust was national to the extent

that it was subject to government inspection, and was the standard bearer of Dutch power in the Eastern world. If ever there was such a thing as a beneficent monopoly it was the Dutch East India Company, so long as it was administered according to the spirit of those who framed its original constitution.

But Holland, unfortunately for her, did not live up to the Constitution of her Great Monopoly. Her progress in the Far East was so rapid, the resistance of Spain and Portugal so feeble, that little by little she abandoned those liberal trading principles which had animated her at the outset, and entered upon a policy of exclusion which not merely involved her in war with England, but lost her the goodwill of the natives who had been her chief support from the very beginning.

She began to pass harsh laws, to limit the planting of spice trees in order that the price might remain high, her inspectors made annual tours in order to destroy all plants in excess of those allowed by law; natives were forbidden to trade with others than Dutchmen, and they were forced to sell their products at prices that were not fixed with reference to the producers.

To enforce these laws, which recalled the tyranny of Spain and Portugal, the Dutch had necessarily to revert to the same means—costly military establishments, forts and garrisons. Thus the profits of the Company became more and more swallowed up by the expenses of administration.

Then, too, little by little, a large permanent staff of officials grew up to watch over the enlarged administrative area, and with this force was introduced the same sort of corruption which afflicted Spain and Portugal. The original constitution of the Company contemplated only trade and, in the earlier years, the servants of the Company included chiefly sailors and clerks, with a few agents at main distributing points. But when the Company departed from this principle in order to impose laws upon people with whom they had originally sought only the right to exchange European goods for an equivalent

in spices, then a new departure was made; trade expansion became "Empire"—a very different thing, as we shall see later on.

From 1700 on, the Company, alarmed by the waning in profits, sought to improve matters by changing her officials more frequently, but the result was even worse, for the man who expected to remain but three years at his post was equally disposed to make his fortune before returning home. Clerks, who left Holland on a small weekly salary, returned rich men; this condition was scandalous, but the Government proved unequal to the task of introducing a reform. It is only after studying the failures of Spain and Portugal and Holland in this direction that one can appreciate England, which has commissioned many privileged companies; has checked them when they have gone wrong, called them to account without interfering with their commercial usefulness; and shown the world that she can produce administrators, like Cecil Rhodes and Warren Hastings, without endangering the liberties of her people at home, or the rights of her colonists far away.

The Dutch paid their officials poorly, and in consequence they secured men who attempted to make money in other ways.

To-day Germany also pays her officials very little; but this is the day of telegraphs and fast steamers—when officials at Kiao Chow or Dar es Salaam can be checked from Berlin almost as easily as though they were in Posen or Metz. But in the seventeenth century the Governor at Batavia, on a salary of 12,000 gulden, had little to fear during his term of office. There was no regular post, and all his brother officials were practically fellow conspirators, leagued against the natives for purposes of gain. The Dutch settlements in the East Indies soon offered little advantage over those of Portugal save in the fact that the Dutch did not interfere with native religion, and did not practice slavery to any great extent. The policy of the East India Company became more and more tyrannical and narrow, but as its activity was limited mainly

to gathering the fruits of spice trees, there was no occasion for the employment of large bodies of slaves as in the plantations and mines of the Portuguese and Spanish colonies. The Dutch required but a small number of servants, mainly for domestic purposes, and slavery under such conditions caused but slight complaint. Holland attached much importance to the Cape as a station where her ships might refresh themselves on the way to and from Java, but the Dutch East India Company, so far from showing a desire to colonise the place, passed regulations which made the life of a white colonist almost intolerable. Nothing, perhaps, illustrates more completely the relative insignificance of the Cape Colony in the eyes of the Dutch than that it was made a mere appanage of Java. A crime committed at Cape Town had, when appealed, to be decided at Batavia, not at Amsterdam. It is from this long connection with Java that to-day we see so many Malays about the streets of Cape Town, though they are practically unknown in the interior or further up the coast.

But in spite of the selfishness and tyranny which characterised the Dutch East India Company towards the latter half of the seventeenth century, so excellent was the climate at this place that a thin stream of emigration found its way thither—partly Dutch, partly French Protestants—and these were from the outset at war with the repressive measures of the Dutch Government. Thus, naturally, and almost imperceptibly was bred a race roughly analogous to the American "frontiersman," who chafed under the restraints of old world legislation, and whose progress was marked by perpetual warfare with natives and wild beasts. The Great Trek of 1836 would have been impossible but for the preceding generations of discontented colonists who ended the dominion of their legal rulers by settling on the fringes of civilisation and becoming a law unto themselves and to the natives who came within range of their rifles. These Boers were like the American backwoodsmen, tough in fibre, lawless as regards the law of man, but devout Puritans as regards the law of God, at least that portion

of it which they regarded as peculiarly suited to their requirements. The life of these men, like that of David Crockett and Daniel Borne, was not favourable to the founding of schools and churches. The American backwoodsman, until he reached the prairies, had to hew his way through great forests and establish communication along water courses. The Boer, on the contrary, had an open country before him, over which he drove his herds of cattle in search of good pasture and water. Consequently he became a nomad—his house was a huge tented ox-waggon, or prairie schooner as it would be called in America. To-day, in spite of the railway, these great family ox-waggons may still be seen drawing the Boers further and further from the civilisation they detest. That movement must proceed as it did in America, until the frontiersman finds no more frontier, but meets civilisation in front of him, and must perforce accommodate himself to the new order of things. The spirit of the frontiersman is a strange thing, and must be understood if the history of South Africa is to be intelligible.

Blood counts for much, and the Boer could not show his present tenacity of purpose did he not acknowledge his Dutch ancestry. But the Dutchman of Amsterdam can no more understand the Boer than could the cultivated New Englander understand the people of his own race who lived by choice a life of savagery beyond the Mississippi fifty years ago. Legislators of to-day commit the common mistake of regarding the De Wets and Cronjes as Europeans, who, in our day have become rebels. We are apt to think of them as of the emigrants who land in New York, and in a few months become voters or anarchists. We cannot accustom ourselves to the historic evolution of the Boer. To a man who has been two hundred years an outlaw—who has been suckled in principles which we count as treasonable, but which his leaders regard as conformity to the will of God—it is the Boer and not the Englishman who conquered the upland of South Africa; he it is who represents white aristocracy from the Zambesi to Table

Mountain ; he recognises himself as the superior man physically and morally, and he resents scornfully the pretension of any government towards suzerainty over him. In a rough way his case bears analogy to that of the strange community of English Boers who with a peculiar religion, hardy constitutions and boundless ignorance, penetrated the American desert and created a splendid isolation for themselves in Utah. These people asked no favours of the United States, save to be let alone ; they occupied land which was of no value save through the irrigation which they introduced ; they minded their own business, assisted in spreading the white race amidst savage tribes, and, with the one exception of polygamy, did nothing to excite the ill-will of government.

But precious metals were discovered in their neighbourhood, the New England Yankee knocked at the Mormon gates ; he was refused admission—so he went in without. The fight commenced, and now the Mormon figures in American political life just as any other white man, no more and no less. The Mormon had thought himself as strong physically as he conceived himself to be theologically infallible. When his mistake was demonstrated beyond a peradventure, he conformed to the new order of things as a matter of course.

The South African Boer is learning the same sort of lesson. He has been at war with England since 1815, but until this moment has never yielded to English power, save as one who retires in order to take up a stronger position elsewhere.

As one who has been hospitably entertained by the Boer in lonely farm houses ; who has found amongst them men of rounded culture, of honourable instincts and fine physical courage, the subject is for me not an easy one to treat without causing misunderstanding. In situations that are paradoxical, it is hard to make any statement not open to contradiction. There are so many different kinds of Boers that in using the word I am conscious that it comprises almost as much variety as the word Englishman—which includes the Piccadilly dandy and the East End costermonger.

The Boer most in evidence of late is he of the Kruger type—the man who hugs the memory of Slaagter's Nek. The average Englishman knows no more of Slaagter's Nek than he does of Nathan Hale the Connecticut school teacher, whose hanging, during the revolutionary war, determined the execution of André. But every American schoolboy reveres the memory of Nathan Hale, and the Kruger Boer holds in sacred recollection the martyrs of Slaagter's Nek.

The story, in a nutshell, is that the English Government in 1815 condemned to death and hanged half a dozen Boers who had defied the authority of the English courts, and had been guilty of rebellion against the Crown. The case was perfectly clear—quite as clear as that of Jameson in 1896—but a large part of Boer public sentiment, even while deprecating the action of the rebels, refused to admit the right of England to govern the colony which Holland had ceded to her in the year of Waterloo. The Boers did not read much, and cared less for the opinion of learned jurists. They believed, with the late Henry George, that land should be the property of those who made good use of it, and in their opinion it was they, and not the English, who were improving the soil of South Africa. Thus, from the very beginning, British expansion in South Africa caused a succession of conflicts with the Boers, who, though overborne by numbers, always retired sulkily and undismayed, if not undefeated.

In the early days—before 1815—the Dutch Government disliked the Boer and persecuted him more than ever did the English in the succeeding years. But that fact has been lost sight of nowadays when the Dutch of Holland seek to demonstrate that the Boer is their kith and kin. The German now speaks in the most affectionate way of his cousin the Boer, for it is the fashion to pretend that the Boers would naturally welcome German or Dutch control in South Africa. But this view is entertained by people who take counsel of their hopes rather than of history. The Boer dislikes the Hollander cordially—their ways are very far apart, and the supercilious

clerk of Rotterdam excites only contempt in Pretoria. He was only tolerated because Dr. Leyds declared him necessary.

As for the official German the Boer of South Africa knows him as a neighbour to be more dangerous than England. Efforts were made after the Jameson raid to trek away into German West Africa, but those who took part in this came back so much discouraged that they effectually put an end to all desire of nearer acquaintance with their cousins from the Spree. They found in the German colony an officialism more intolerant than suited them. Indeed, contact with official Germany has done much to reconcile the Boer to his lot under the British flag.

The Boer of the Kruger type, who has been the foremost in ambushing the advance column of English progress, is grossly misrepresented when credited with a preference amongst European governments. He despises them all equally. European civilisation is to him a corrupt thing calculated to undermine the pristine virtues of the people. He looks upon the man of modern Europe as the Puritans of the Restoration looked upon frivolous cavaliers and theatrical performances. For political purposes the Dr. Leyds portion of Boerdom has created the impression in Europe that the Kruger followers would welcome a Dutch or German protectorate as against that of England. That idea, to the Kruger Boer, is absurd. There were people in France at the end of the last century who thought that the United States would tolerate French intrusion in American matters, because of her war against England.

Of all Holland's great colonial empire South Africa is the only spot where the white man has bred a strong race and where Dutch is spoken. To be sure, the Dutch of South Africa is not intelligible to a classically bred professor of Leyden—it bears the same relation to the mother tongue that the jargon of German Switzerland does to the academical accents of Hanover or Bremen. Each can understand the other, after a preliminary course of misunderstanding—much as Spaniards get along with Portuguese or Norwegians with Danes. The Dutch tongue

may live for some time yet as a secondary language—even as a tongue of concurrent importance in certain portions of the country—but every Boer recognises, even to-day, that English is necessary for him if he wishes to move out into the broad current of modern life, and thus without any special legislation on the subject Dutch will become obsolete from sheer force of circumstances. The French Huguenots gave up their French for Dutch, the Boers will surrender their Dutch for English.

A learned German official recently justified the exclusion of Boers from German West Africa on the ground that Germans should reserve that country for people who spoke German, that it would be a national disgrace if the next generation should speak Dutch!

The Germans are not the only ones who have sought to compel language to follow the flag, and they will probably recognise their mistake as others have had to—too late. The Government of Paul Kruger has made desperate efforts to drive English out of the Transvaal schools and to substitute Dutch in its stead, but the result was that Boers who had any ambition for their children, sent them to the Orange Free State, where more liberal maxims prevailed.

The Boers owe more to the mother country than do New Englanders whose ancestors fled from Anglican rule in 1620. Each of these peoples carried to new countries the qualities they had inherited from their parents, but in neither case can their future successes be claimed by the Governments whose illiberal conduct was the cause of their original emigration. Circumstances compelled the New Englander to clear the forest and build houses, the Boer on the other hand was in a climate that made nomadic life agreeable, and had to do with a soil that was peculiarly fitted for cattle, and not for farming in our sense.

Each has developed according to his environment—each held views on the subject of government which ultimately produced armed conflict, in the one case with the mother

country, in the other with a government vastly more liberal than that of Holland.

The Dutch in South Africa have shown a pride of race which has saved them from the consequences of Portuguese and Spanish administration. The Boers—as a people—have never mingled with the negro. It is no small praise to the Dutch character to recall that Boers and Anglo-Saxons are the only colonists that have kept their blood pure. The Portuguese and Spaniards not merely tolerated the abominable practice of cohabitation with negroes, they even encouraged it as a means of more rapidly producing a population calculated to withstand tropical climates.

In early New England as amongst the Boers, the Bible was at the bottom of this disinclination to mingle with the native. The Boers looked upon the Kaffir as the New Englanders of 1620 looked upon the Red Indian, as one of the heathen tribes which they, a chosen people, were called upon to exterminate, after the example set by Joshua; and indeed Joshua reminds me much of Paul Kruger.

POULTNEY BIGELOW.

TWO POETS OF THE NEW CENTURY

IT is useless to repeat to ourselves that centuries are merely arbitrary divisions of time. No amount of common sense will disabuse us of the idea that with the present year we have turned an important leaf in the world's history. On the whole the feeling is one to be encouraged. It is good to have certain seasons set apart for certain purposes, and the beginning of a new century is a capital point of vantage for counting up the achievements of the past and reckoning what the future may have in store. So far as poetry is concerned, it is a particularly appropriate time for a meditation of this sort, since the hundred years which have just closed formed a very definite epoch in the history of the art. It happened that the beginning of the nineteenth century coincided with one of the most remarkable outbursts of poetical vigour that the world has ever seen. It would be fanciful to pretend that the advent of the new century itself had very much to do with this outburst, although the feeling of freshness which a new century brings with it is not by any means a factor which can be entirely ignored. Still, in this case, the French Revolution was principally responsible for the flood of inspiration which lifted our poets from the groove of eighteenth-century conventionality; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the ideas which in France produced the Revolution, in England produced the poetry of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Byron.

The poets of to-day are not subjected to the same powerful influences which inspired the poets of a hundred years ago. Still, the feeling of freshness is in the air. We have done at last with the *fin de siècle* and, it is to be hoped, with all the nauseous affectations which that hateful phrase embodies. Of late years the languor of the declining century has touched our poetry. It has been as abundant as ever, and the standard of workmanship has been as high as ever. But there has been a notable absence of the finest aspiration. The doctrine of art for art's sake has influenced our poets—the doctrine which exalts manner above matter, which teaches that the subject is nothing, the treatment everything. With this heresy have come its attendant satellites—symbolism, wilful obscurity, juggling with words for their sound rather than their sense. All these things are the stock-in-trade of a decadent poet, with many others good of their kind if moderately employed—the decking and adornment of poetry, but a poor substitute for poetry itself. Poetry, Milton tells us, should be simple, sensuous, and passionate. The poetry of our decadent bards has been sensuous enough, and, in a certain sense, passionate enough and to spare, but simple it has not been, nor desired to be. Will the new century strip it of its trappings and reveal the figure now shrouded beneath fold upon fold of gorgeous drapery? For a new crusade we want new apostles. Who are to be the apostles of the new age of poetry?

We have plenty of poets to choose from. But, in the first place, we must dismiss the elder generation. Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Meredith, Mr. Bridges, and their contemporaries have done their work. They have given us their best, and we are thankful for it. But they cannot be the apostles of the new crusade. They belong to the century that is past; we cannot look to them for any new poetical developments. The younger men are many in number; we must take them in groups. There are some who have won reputation by a single book, sometimes by a single poem. These we must dismiss, for great poetry requires sustained effort, not the transient

inspiration of occasional emotion. Others, some of them with great natural gifts, are content to work in a narrow groove. These, too, we must dismiss, for great poetry must touch life at many points. Others, again, have wilfully wrapped themselves in a cloak of obscurity and affectation, and these also we must dismiss, for great poetry must be simple and straightforward. Others, again, have spent fine energy and fine craftsmanship upon unworthy subjects; and these, too, we must dismiss, for great poetry can only be written upon great themes.

In the ranks of our young poets there are two—there may be others, but of these two I am certain—different in temperament and in aim, but alike in possessing the qualities necessary for the production of great poetry: Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Laurence Binyon. Their reputation is of no sudden growth. Both have been before the public for upwards of ten years, and have already produced a considerable body of poetry. Mr. Phillips is the elder by a few years; let us take him first. Mr. Phillips is above all a dramatist. Even in his early poems, which are cast in a narrative form, his leaning towards a dramatic method of treatment is plainly perceptible. “Christ in Hades” has the appearance of an epic; in reality it is a drama in miniature. “Marpessa” is dramatic in essence too. It has a suggestion of a scene from Euripides, the characters being placed before an imaginary tribunal, each pleading his cause in turn. Only the gnomic tag of the chorus between the speeches is wanted to make the resemblance complete. In “Paolo and Francesca” and “Herod” Mr. Phillips found the form which suits him best. He has a natural genius for stage-craft which here finds full play. “Paolo and Francesca” has not yet been performed, and it is therefore impossible at present to pronounce finally upon its merits as a stage-play, but “Herod” is constructed in a masterly manner. The main design of the drama, the grouping of the characters, the continuously increasing interest of the plot, the admirably conceived climaxes, all these prove Mr. Phillips’ possession of the

faculties which go to make a dramatist. As a poet he cannot be praised so unreservedly. His strength lies in two points—his metre and his diction.

In his early poems his blank verse is redolent of Milton. "Eremus" is a splendid exercise in the Miltonic manner. It has little value as a poem, but it is an admirable piece of blank verse. "Christ in Hades," metrically considered, is a work of transition—a transition from the epic manner of "Eremus" to the dramatic manner of "Paolo and Francesca" or "Herod." It abounds with striking metrical effects and even with metrical licences, which would be telling enough in a work designed for the stage, but do not harmonise with the serene grandeur of epic poetry. When "Christ in Hades" first appeared it was greeted on this account with a storm of abuse by critics whose ideas of metre were apparently founded upon hazy reminiscences of schoolboy struggles with the mysteries of Greek iambs. A pretty quarrel upon the laws of metre arose, and a discussion waxed hot in the daily press which gave sober London some conception of the animus which inspires literary squabbles abroad. From time to time weird rumours had reached our shores of doughty deeds wrought by youthful poets in Brussels, and of blood spilt at street corners in the sacred cause of *vers libres*, but here was the literary world of London at loggerheads upon the question of a trochee in the third foot, while the *Star* carts drove up and down Piccadilly displaying on their placards the legend, "Phillips on Blank Verse," as the latest sensation of the hour!

Metrically speaking, "Marpessa" was an advance upon "Christ in Hades," and in "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" Mr. Phillips shows a knowledge of the secrets of blank verse such as no contemporary can boast. His feeling for musical cadence is consummate. It would be as impossible for Mr. Phillips to write a halting line as, let us say, for Sarasate to play out of tune. Allied to this exquisite metrical gift is another of Mr. Phillips' strongest claims to be considered a great poet—his mastery of verbal melody. "Christ in Hades"

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first proved his possession of this witchery of language. There is an enchantment about much of it to parallel which we must go back to Keats and his

Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in faery lands forlorn.

The word "glamour" has been cruelly overworked of late, and it seems almost an encroachment upon vested interests to use it of any but Celtic poetry, but it is the only one applicable to the unearthly charm of Mr. Phillips' poetry. One needs only to open "Christ in Hades" to find an illustration:

The bright glory of after-battle wine,
The flushed recounting faces, the stern hum
Of burnished armies, thrill of unknown seas.

Here is another passage, if possible more musical still:

And millions, like a sea, wave upon wave
Heaved dreaming to that moonlight face, or ran
In wonderful long ripples, sorrow-charmed,
Toward him in faded purple pacing came
Dead emperors and sad unflattered kings;
Unlucky captains listless armies led;
Poets with music frozen on their lips
Toward the pale Brilliance sighed.

But a gift such as this brings dangers in its train. A poet who has this power of beautiful expression must sometimes be tempted to neglect his subject for the sake of writing pretty things about nothing in particular. This, again, leads to repetition—repetition of thought as well as of language. Poets often have favourite words, and Mr. Phillips' addiction to odours and blooms amounts to a positive obsession, but a trick such as this is easily cured. More serious is his tendency to repeat thoughts. Compare, for instance,

Dear gladiator pitted against fate

in "Christ in Hades" with

Lonely antagonist of destiny

in "Marpessa." There are other instances of this kind in his poetry not very important in themselves but regrettable as indications of what may prove to be a besetting sin. Another of Mr. Phillips' faults, or rather the germ of a fault, for it is hardly a fault in itself, lies in the literary quality of his imagery. I do not use the word "literary" as implying that his poetry is derivative or lacking in inspiration, but rather that his images do not arise from the subject in hand. They are not the natural outcome of a poetical imagination centred upon a given subject. Let us take part of the speech of Idas in "Marpessa" as an example. Idas is pleading for the love of Marpessa; Apollo is his rival, and Marpessa is to choose between them.

I love thee then

Not only for thy body packed with sweet
Of all this world, that cup of brimming June,
That jar of violet wine set in the air,
That palest rose sweet in the night of life ;
Nor for that stirring bosom all besieged
By drowsing lovers, or thy perilous hair ;
Nor for that face that might indeed provoke
Invasion of old cities ; no, nor all
Thy freshness stealing on me like strange sleep.
Not for this only do I love thee, but
Because Infinity upon thee broods,
And thou art full of whispers and of shadows.
Thou meanest what the sea has striven to say
So long, and yearned up the cliffs to tell ;
Thou art what all the winds have uttered not,
What the still night suggesteth to the heart.
Thy voice is like to music heard ere birth,
Some spirit lute touched on a spirit sea ;
Thy face remembered is from other worlds,
It has been died for, though I know not when,
It has been sung of, though I know not where.
It has the strangeness of the luring West,
And of sad sea-horizons ; beside thee
I am aware of other times and lands
Of births far back, of lives in many stars.
O beauty lone and like a candle clear

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In this dark country of the world ! Thou art
My woe, my early light, my music dying.

This is beautiful poetry. It has exquisite verbal music and high imaginative value. But the imagination is literary in quality; the imagery does not spring naturally from the subject. Throughout the speech we feel the trained faculty of the poet at work. In a situation of tense passion the appeal should be more immediate.

"That jar of violet wine set in the air." How charmingly fanciful, how exquisitely melodious! but in the mouth of a lover pleading for his mistress, how literary and artificial! Now literary poetry is admirable in its place. Shakespeare is often literary, no poet more so; but he has his literary faculty well under control. Listen to Romeo:

O my love ! my wife !
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty.
Thou art not conquer'd ; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.

Why art thou yet so fair ? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour ?
In fear of that I still will stay with thee
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again : here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids : O here
Will I set up my everlasting rest
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.

The speech from which I have quoted a few lines is throughout a highly elaborate and imaginative piece of writing, but the images are definitely suggested by what is before Romeo's eyes. This is the secret of its passionate intensity. A literary touch would break the spell. Mr. Phillips will

never hold us in this way until he learns to control that wandering fancy of his. At present he is too much inclined to treat his subject as a kind of mental spring-board from which to take airy leaps into the realms of imagination. What his poetry wants is concentration.

It is impossible to leave unmentioned two of Mr. Phillips' poems, "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife," partly because they show him in a mood absolutely different from that of "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" and partly because they have been singled out for praise by critics, to whom sensation is the last word of art. These poems are painful in subject: the first deals with a woman whose soul has been, as it were, stifled within her by the dull round of life and its trivial tasks; the second is the story of a wife who prostitutes herself in order to obtain food for her sick husband, and returns to his bedside to find him dead. Whether subjects of this kind are adapted to poetical treatment may be, to some extent, a matter of opinion. Much depends on how they are treated, and my objection to these particular poems rests upon Mr. Phillips' treatment, or rather lack of treatment. No one would claim that poetry should be didactic, nor that it should draw an aggressive moral from every subject undertaken, but a meaning it must have. A mere transcript of an event or a series of events is no more a poem than a photograph of a haystack is a picture. Mr. Phillips has transcribed certain events with literal exactness, but they mean nothing to him, he draws no conclusions from them. "The Wife" and "The Woman with the Dead Soul" have the bare ugliness of a police report. They do not inspire pity or terror; they merely repel.

In "Paolo and Francesca" and "Herod" we have Mr. Phillips' latest and best work. "Paolo and Francesca" has all the magical beauty of "Christ in Hades," together with a dramatic force which, in the earlier poem, is only suggested. Such a passage as the following could have been written by no living poet but Mr. Phillips:

PAOLO. O face immured beside a fairy sea
That leaned down at dead midnight to be kissed!
O beauty folded up in forests old!
Thou wast the lovely quest of Arthur's knights.

FRANCESCA. Thy armour glimmered in a gloom of green.

PAOLO. Did I not sing to thee in Babylon?

FRANCESCA. Or did we set a sail in Carthage bay?

These are strange spectral lovers. Even to themselves their love seems but the wraith of a passion long dead; but their speech has an unearthly music of indescribable loveliness.

In "Herod" Mr. Phillips shows a praiseworthy endeavour to shake himself clear of tricks and mannerisms. He has here proved himself capable, I will not say for the first time, but in a manner more convincing than in any of his former works, of treating a noble subject for its own sake. One of the most remarkable features of "Herod"—perhaps, in view of Mr. Phillips' future career as a dramatist, the most remarkable of all—is the self-restraint which he has exercised upon himself in its construction. Gifted, as he is, more richly than any living writer with a power over the mysterious harmonies of language, he has steadfastly refused to allow himself to be seduced from his allegiance to his subject by the temptation to use it as a peg upon which to hang a string of pretty speeches. About "Herod" as a poem it is not so easy to be enthusiastic. The play is something of a *tour de force*, a brilliant exercise in an uncongenial manner. Mr. Phillips' genius delights in half-tones and shadowy effects of verbal chiaroscuro. Like his own Marpessa, his poetry is "full of whispers and of shadows." It is difficult to think of him as at ease in the pitiless glare of "Herod." Yet he has risen to the occasion with surprising success. "Herod" is a triumph of sonorous rhetoric; Mr. Phillips has put far from him the delicately woven fabric of "Paolo and Francesca." He has clothed himself for the fray in a garment borrowed from some remote Elizabethan ancestor. But the giant's robe does not hang loosely upon his shoulders. He wears it as one to the manner born. "Herod" is a splendid pageant; we must be content to take it as such, and not look

to it for profundity of thought nor for subtle development of character. The figure of the King occupies the centre of the picture, the other characters are merely accessory ; but even in him there is no growth of personality. He passes through circumstances ; he is not moulded by them. The verse of "Herod" is vigorous and highly coloured and in admirable harmony with the glow and glitter of the subject. Throughout the earlier scenes of the play the dialogue is nervous and compact, and in the last act, where the ravings of the distracted King call for all the splendours of poetical rhetoric, Mr. Phillips has reproduced the ringing march of Marlowe's mighty line with brilliant success. Herod's speech in this scene is already almost a classic, but a passage from it will bear being quoted once again as an example of Mr. Phillips in his richest and stateliest manner :

I dreamed last night of a dome of beaten gold
 To be a counter-glory to the Sun.
 There shall the eagle blindly dash himself
 There the first beam shall strike, and there the moon
 Shall aim all night her argent archery :
 And it shall be the tryst of Sundered stars,
 The haunt of dead and dreaming Solomon ;
 Shall send a light upon the lost in Hell
 And flashings upon faces without hope.

This is rhetoric, of course ; good rhetoric, if you will, but still rhetoric—that is to say, its strength lies in its sonorous and picturesque language ; the thought behind the language is commonplace or null. "The moon shall aim all night her argent archery" is only a highly ingenious and elaborate way of saying that the moon will shine upon the dome ; while, as to "dead and dreaming Solomon," the obvious criticism is that if Solomon were dead he could not be dreaming, and that if he were dreaming he could not be dead. But, after all, rhetoric has its place in drama. A great deal of Shakespeare is purely rhetorical, and, whatever his friends may tell him, Mr. Phillips cannot reasonably hope to do much better than Shakespeare. "Herod" is an exceedingly good play of its kind, but its kind is not the

best. Mr. Phillips can and will do better than "Herod," but meanwhile we can afford to be grateful for what he has already given us. "Paolo and Francesca" is the stronger as poetry, "Herod" the stronger as drama, but the two together are a sufficient guarantee of the breadth and sincerity of Mr. Phillips' genius. It is well for him and for us that he has thus early found the medium which suits him, for it must be plain to a careful reader that the vein of thought and feeling worked with so much success in "Christ in Hades" and "Marpessa" is by no means inexhaustible. That particular flavour of unearthliness which Mr. Phillips cultivated in his early poems is apt to degenerate into unhealthiness, and there are signs in his early volume of poems not so much of flagging imagination as of a difficulty on his part in getting clear of a narrow groove of thought. In the drama he has found and will find the necessity of expanding his wings and seeking fresh fields of thought. The clash and movement of the stage have roused and will again rouse him. "Herod," with all its faults, has proved his power of rising to a fine subject and casting mannerisms to the wind. Upon this, perhaps, as much as upon any of the intrinsically great qualities of his poetry we may build the hope that in him we have a poet who will restore to our stage something of its lost glory.

The fact that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Binyon are cousins, and that they made their first public appearance side by side in "Primavera," might tempt a critic to institute an elaborate comparison between them. A comparison of this kind is generally misleading, and in this case is almost impossible, for these two poets have very little in common. Since the days of "Primavera" their poetical paths have lain apart. Mr. Phillips' genius is essentially dramatic, Mr. Binyon's essentially lyrical. Mr. Phillips' poetry is objective, Mr. Binyon's subjective. I do not for a moment apply to Mr. Binyon what Edmond Scherer said of Byron: "He has only one subject—himself," but rather what Coleridge said of Milton: "John Milton is in every line of 'Paradise Lost.'" Mr. Binyon's

poetry is strongly coloured by his own personality. He is a thinker as well as a poet, and his poetry is in the highest sense a criticism of life. His strength lies in this, that whatever he writes about, whether it be the passion and death of Tristram or a Saturday night in Whitechapel, he pierces beneath the merely external and accidental aspect of his subject to the permanent emotions which underlie it. He does not merely transcribe life; he interprets it. No poet of our time has a keener appreciation of natural beauty, nor a more delicate gift of expression, but it is the combination of these qualities with his intellectual power that endows his poetry with its attributes of supreme excellence. Mr. Binyon's earliest poems gave abundant promise of his maturer strength. Of his Newdigate poem, "Persephone," I know nothing, but his share of "Primavera" included an ode entitled "Youth," which announced unmistakably the advent of a true poet. This ode makes clear the influences which helped to mould Mr. Binyon's genius. There is in it something of Wordsworth's joy in life, something, too, of the melancholy—one might almost say the pessimism—of Matthew Arnold; there is much in it also of Mr. Binyon himself, and throughout the ode the command of stately and beautiful expression is remarkable for a poet hardly out of his teens. Here is a passage from the close of the ode, which I quote partly for its intrinsic beauty, and partly as an illustration of an attitude of mind, suggestive of Matthew Arnold, which Mr. Binyon was soon to outgrow:

Yet, O just Nature, thou
 Who, if men's hearts be hard, art always mild;
 O fields and streams, and places undefiled,
 Let your sweet airs be ever on his brow,
 Remember still your child.
 Thou too, O human world, if old desires,
 If thoughts, not alien once, can move thee now,
 Teach him not yet that idly he aspires
 Where thou hast fail'd; not soon let it be plain
 That all who seek in thee for nobler fires,
 For generous passion, spend their hopes in vain

Lest that insidious Fate, foe of mankind,
 Who ever waits upon our weakness, try
 With whispers his unnerved and faltering mind,
 Palsy his powers ; for she has spells to dry,
 Like the March blast, his blood, turn flesh to stone
 And, conjuring action with necessity,
 Freeze the quick will, and make him all her own.

The most interesting and characteristic of Mr. Binyon's earlier poems are his two sets of "London Visions" and "The Praise of Life," three little volumes which appeared in Mr. Elkin Mathews' "Shilling Garland" between the years 1895 and 1899. These contain some of his finest work. The London poems are especially remarkable. They show not merely acute observation, but an imaginative power and a width of sympathy with life in all its forms which set them apart from all other poems of the kind. Mr. Binyon is far from being the first to feel the beauty, the mystery, and the terror of London, but he yields to none in the use which he has made of them. Scenes sordid and unlovely in themselves assume at his hands a meaning and a beauty beyond the vision of ordinary men. The streets of London illumined by

The light that never was on sea and land,
 The consecration and the poet's dream,

yield up the secrets of everlasting truth. In speaking of Mr. Phillips' London poems I referred to the difference between the photographic and the imaginative treatment of squalid subjects. Mr. Binyon's "Whitechapel High Road" gives an illustration of the latter more cogent than any precept or argument. The poem opens with a vivid description of the familiar scene ; this is the close :

But thou, divine moon, with thine equal beam
 Dispensing patience, stealest unawares
 The thoughts of many that pass sorrowful on,
 Else undiverted, amid the crowd alone ;
 Embroiderest with beauty the worn theme
 Of trouble ; to a fancied harbour calm

Steerest the widow's ship of heavy cares ;
 And on light spirits of lovers, radiant grown,
 Droppest an unimaginable balm.
 Yet me to-night thy peace rejoices less
 Than this warm human scene, that of rude earth
 Pleasantly savours, nor dissembles mirth,
 Nor grief, nor passion : sweet to me this press
 Of life unnumbered, where if hard distress
 Be tyrant, hunger is not fed
 Nor misery pensioned with the ill-tasting bread
 Of pity ; but such help as Earth ordains
 Betwixt her creatures, bound in common pains,
 Brother from brother, without prayer, obtains.

Every line in these poems of Mr. Binyon's thrills with a radiant joy in life, a passionate belief in perfection, which strike inspiringly upon ears too well accustomed to the pessimistic tone of modern poetry. In Mr. Binyon's poetry the enthusiasm of youth is tempered by the wisdom of manhood. He does not ignore the seamy side of life. He knows the world with its labours and its sorrows, but he sees with the poet's ardent vision how from corruption can spring incorruption, how from weakness can come strength. His creed is noble and he gives it noble expression. It is not easy to give an impression of the manly exaltation of thought which animates his poetry without long quotations. I should like to give in full "The Threshold," a poem from the second book of "London Visions," which embodies more fully, perhaps, than any other Mr. Binyon's view of life, but a few stanzas must suffice :

Name beyond names, Heart of the Eternal Life,
 Whom our faint thought hardly at times conceives,
 Who hear'st but as the oak his fluttered leaves
 The cry of parting spirits ; who in the pang
 For children born rejoicest ; from whose strife
 And travail issuing the bright worlds outsprang ;
 If the wide thought of thee my childish grief
 Ever effaced, accept my manhood's vow !
 O sweet and insupportable, O chief
 And first and last of all loves, hear me now !

Me, whom this living vastness once appalled,
 And this uproar disheartened and oppressed,
 Now larger thoughts enfranchise, with sweet zest
 Nourish, and this immensity sustains ;
 Buoyed as a swimmer upon ocean, called
 From time to the eternal, my due pains
 Accepting, in thy bosom I repose,
 Of joys and griefs together make my bed,
 In longing to set sure against all foes
 My spirit freed, and with thy spirit wed.

Thou, thou remainest ever in lovely power
 Triumphant, whom beginning never knew ;
 'Tis we alone that our own strength undo,
 'Tis we alone that, to thy ardour lame,
 Often defeated, miserably deflower
 The joy thou gavest, quench the imparted flame,
 And native sweet sourly to ashes turn.
 O help, inspire ! Us with thyself endow !
 Through our brief actions let thy greatness burn,
 As through the clouds the light is burning now !

I would not have it supposed that I see no faults in Mr. Binyon's London poems. Faults they have, but they are faults engendered by their virtues. His power of reading the common things of life sometimes leads him astray. Sometimes he is merely fanciful, as in "The Road Menders" and "The Fire"; sometimes he permits his imagination to carry him to conclusions out of proportion to his subject, as in "Trafalgar Square." But, as a whole, they form a body of work sufficient in itself to guarantee Mr. Binyon a place in the foremost rank of modern poets.

"Porphyryon," Mr. Binyon's one excursion into epic poetry, was published, with a collection of shorter poems, in 1898. It tells the tale of a young hermit who, being visited in the desert by an apparition of magical loveliness, returns to the world and embraces every vicissitude, hoping to find again the lost vision of that ideal beauty. There is an inherent weakness in this subject for which no amount of poetical splendour can atone. "Porphyryon" is an admirable piece of blank verse ; it is stately

and vigorous by turns, it has passages of vivid picturesqueness and others of moving tenderness. In a word, it is a highly accomplished poem, but its subject prevents it from being a complete success. An epic poem more than any other requires firmness of outline, and the outline of "Porphyryon" is indistinct. Mr. Binyon seems never really to have made up his mind whether his poem was to be an allegory or not, and this seriously affects its interest as a whole. An epic poem must be decisively constructed; it must have a beginning, a middle and an end; "Porphyryon" is architecturally unsound. There is no particular reason why the hermit's wanderings should ever come to an end. Mr. Binyon conducts them through five books; he might just as well have continued them through five and twenty. Yet, in spite of its subject, the sheer poetical merit of "Porphyryon" deserves to save it from oblivion. Very few of our poets have written better blank verse than the best of it. The subject, after all, has the qualities of its defects; it has life and variety, it gives the poet an endless series of opportunities, and Mr. Binyon makes good use of all of them. One can quote from the poem almost at random. How stirring, for instance, is this battle-piece, how full of movement and vigour:

Lonely and loud a sudden trumpet blew,
And fierce a score of brazen throats replied.
The sound redoubled in Porphyryon's soul
And forward drew him; he remembered now
His errand. In that instant the ripe war
Broke like a tempest; the great squadrons loosed
Shot forward glittering, like a splendid wave
That rises out of shapeless gloom, a form
Massy with dancing crest, threatening and huge,
And effortlessly irresistible
Bursts on the black rocks turbulently abroad,
Falling and roaring and re-echoing far.
So rushed that ordered fury of steeds and spears
Under an arch of arrows hailing dark
Against the stubborn foe: they from the slope
Swept onward opposite with clang as fierce:
Afar, pale women from the wall looked down.

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And can English poetry show a more brilliant, a more richly coloured feast than Mr. Binyon's banquet in Antioch since Milton wrote "Paradise Regained" ?

Pillars in lovely parallel sustained
 A roof of shadowed snow, enkindled warm
 From torches pedestalled in order bright ;
 Amid whose brilliance at a banquet sat,
 Crowned with sweet garlands, revellers, and cups
 Lifted in laughing boisterous pledge, or gazed
 Earnest in joy on their proud paramours.
 Pages, with noiseless tripping feet, had borne
 The feast aside ; and now the brimming wine
 From frosted flagons blushed, and the spread board
 Showed the soft cheek of apricot, or glory
 Of orange burning from a dusk of leaves,
 Cloven pomegranates, brimmed with ruby cells,
 Great melons, purpling to the frosty core,
 And mountain strawberries. Beyond, less bright,
 Was hung mysterious magnificence
 Of tapestry, where, with ever-moving feet
 A golden Triumph followed banners waved
 O'er captive arms, and slender trumpets blew
 To herald a calm hero charioted.

Space forbids me to deal as I could wish with the other poems in this book. Many of them are of surpassing interest and beauty, notably "The Renewal," an eloquent expression of personal feeling, and "The Supper," a lyrical scene of intense and searching pathos, in which a rich youth gathers a mixed company of desolate street-wanderers to his house with the desire of giving them a temporary respite from their misery. The manner in which the guests unconsciously reveal to their host his unconscious egotism is expressed with extraordinary subtlety and knowledge of human nature, and the poem is in effect a crushing satire upon the impotence of amateur charity.

In his volume of Odes, published this year, Mr. Binyon challenges criticism from a lofty standpoint. This book is at once his most ambitious and his maturest production. He measures himself here with the poets of old time and comes

not ingloriously from the encounter. The Odes are six in number, and the subjects of all of them are taken from a remote antiquity. It is hardly necessary at this time of day to repeat Matthew Arnold's famous refutation of the statement that the legends of the past as subjects for poetry have lost their hold upon human sympathies; indeed, it would be easy to go farther than Matthew Arnold, and to affirm that a subject which has survived the fashions of a thousand years must necessarily contain more of the elements of vitality than a subject taken from modern life which may be old-fashioned in a year or two. With regard to Mr. Binyon's Odes, opinions may differ as to their individual merits, but there can be no question that they constitute, if not his finest work, work fine in itself apart from any illusive standard of comparison. We have here great subjects treated in a great manner; the balance between thought and expression is true, the prosody is rich and varied, the diction is ample, expressive, and unforced. If the old definition of poetry is still to hold true—that it is the noble presentment of noble thoughts and actions—then this is poetry, of a kind to match which we must go back to the great names of a hundred years ago. The subjects of the Odes do not all lend themselves equally well to lyrical treatment. In this respect the first in the book, "The Dryad," is one of the most successful. It is a new reading of an ancient myth, subtle in thought and exquisite in language. Mr. Binyon deals here with a problem which has vexed poets and thinkers from the days of Augustine to those of Renan—the reconciliation of Nature and chastity. Renan frankly gave it up in despair. In one of his books he says despondently, "*La Nature ne tient pas du tout que l'homme soit chaste.*" Mr. Binyon takes higher ground. He does not solve the problem—no one, alas! can do that—but he suggests an escape from it which is as beautiful as it is ingenious. He images the Dryad, the embodiment of natural chastity, in the similitude of the narcissus, whose snowy purity holds, as it were, in solution the hues of all the flowers of the garden:

TWO POETS OF THE NEW CENTURY 111

White sweetness, richest odours round thee cling.
 Purely thou breathest of voluptuous Spring!
 Thou art so white, because thou dost enclose
 All the advancing splendours of the year;
 And thou hast burned beyond the reddest rose,
 To shine so keenly clear.
 Shadowed within thy radiance I divine
 Frail coral tinges of the anemone,
 Dim blue that clouds upon the columbine,
 And wallflower's glow as of old, fragrant wine,
 And the first tulip's sanguine clarity,
 And pansy's midnight-purple of sole star'
 All these that wander far
 From thee, and wilder glories would assume,
 Ev'n the proud peony of drooping plume,
 Robed like a queen in Tyre,
 All to thy lost intensity aspire;
 Toward thee they yearn out of encroaching gloom,
 They are all faltering beams of thy most perfect fire

The "Alexander" ode is in a different vein, and shows strikingly the range of Mr. Binyon's genius. This ode glows with life and colour. In reading it we are carried back in memory to Keats and his wonderful Bacchic procession in "Endymion." It tells of Alexander's march through the fertile valleys of Carmania after having led his army across the salt Gedrosian desert. Mr. Binyon has happily caught the spirit of the subject. The poem is like a series of gorgeous frescoes, stately in design and crowded with picturesque detail. One quotation must suffice:

Slowly along the vine-robed vale move on,
 Like those that walk in dream,
 The ranks of Macedon.
 O much-proved men, why doubt ye truth so sweet?
 This is that fair Carmania, that did seem
 So far to gain, yet now is at your feet.
 'Tis no Circean magic greenly crowds
 This vale of elms, the laden vines uprearing,
 The small flowers in the grass, the illumined clouds,
 Trembling streams with rushes lined,

All in strangeness reappearing
Like a blue morn to the blind !

"Asoka" is more thoughtful, yet not less rich in varied beauty. It has already appeared in the pages of this REVIEW under the title of "The Indian Prince," therefore I will not linger upon it save to note how subtly the sense of oriental colour is conveyed by the use of similes taken from Eastern tradition and landscape, as in the following passage :

Not so ye deal,
Immortal Powers, with him
Who in his weak hour hath made haste to kneel
Where your divine springs out of mystery brim,
And carries thence through the world's uproar rude
A clear-eyed fortitude ;
As mid the blue noon on the Arabian strand
The solitary diver, plunging deep,
Glides down the rough dark brine with questing hand
Until he feels upleap
Founts of fresh water, and his goatskin swells
And bears him upward on those buoyant wells
Back with a cool boon for his thirsting land.

"The Death of Tristram" is the longest ode in the book, and that in which Mr. Binyon's genius is most triumphantly displayed. I do not propose to say anything about his handling of the legend, nor to compare his treatment of it with that of the many poets who have been attracted by the subject before him. This would require an article in itself.

It may be felt by some readers that the subject calls for epical or dramatic rather than lyrical treatment, and the fact that he has succeeded in treating lyrically a subject of this magnitude at all is a triumph. In the disposition of the incidents, the structure of the different sections and the treatment of metre this ode displays a high degree of technical accomplishment ; but its strength lies, after all, in the deep emotion which thrills through every line of it. Mr. Binyon does not force the note. There is nothing hysterical in his delineation of passion. His Tristram and Isoult are strong, clean-souled

human beings; fate may slay them, it cannot degrade them. In a lyrical ode it was, of course, impossible to deal with the legend as a whole. Mr. Binyon touches only certain points of culminating interest. His view of the subject, if I may venture upon a somewhat fanciful illustration, is that of a traveller posted at a point of vantage among the Alps at sunrise. Before him lies a vast range of mountains, closely wrapped in clouds, but at intervals the clouds are pierced by snowy peaks upon which the rays of the sun strike with dazzling radiance. On these peaks, as it were, Mr. Binyon has concentrated his gaze. Tristram's lonely watch, the reunion and death of the lovers, and the coming of their bodies to Tintagel—these are the three peaks illuminated by Mr. Binyon's genius. A composition so admirably balanced in design as this ode lends itself ill to quotation, but I cannot pass over the beautiful opening of the third section, so excellently contrasted in its serene loveliness with the tremendous climax of the passionate duet—one can hardly call it anything else—which precedes it :

Calm, calm the moving waters all the night
 On to that shore roll slow,
 Fade into foam against the cliff's dim height
 And fall in a soft thunder, and upsurge
 Forever out of unexhausted might,
 Lifting their voice below
 Tuned to no human dirge;
 Nor from their majesty of music bend
 To wail for beauty's end
 Or towering spirit's most fiery overthrow,
 Nor tarrieth the dawn, though she unveil
 To weeping eyes their woe,
 The dawn that doth not know
 What the dark night hath wrought,
 And over the far wave comes pacing pale,
 Of all that she reveals regarding nought.

The two remaining odes are less successful. "Amasis" is too much of a narrative to be well suited for lyric poetry, and

"Orpheus in Thrace," though containing passages of great beauty, notably a wonderful storm-beaten landscape, is somewhat disconnected in subject and execution. But the value of the book as a whole can hardly be over-estimated. The prevailing note of it is maturity—maturity of thought and maturity of expression. It is an extraordinary performance for a man in his thirty-second year. We may miss with a touch of regret the freshness of boyish enthusiasm, charming even in its crudity, which must pass away with the spring-time of youth. But in its place we have the mellow wisdom of riper years. Every one has to grow up sooner or later, and Mr. Binyon is already astonishingly grown up. Whether he is destined to be the leader of a new movement in English poetry or not I will not attempt to predict, but his own position is already secure. He is a poet of the kind to which fame comes slowly but surely. In his hands and those of Mr. Phillips the poetical reputation of the twentieth century is not likely to suffer.

R. A. STREATFEILD.

THE PALACE OF MINOS

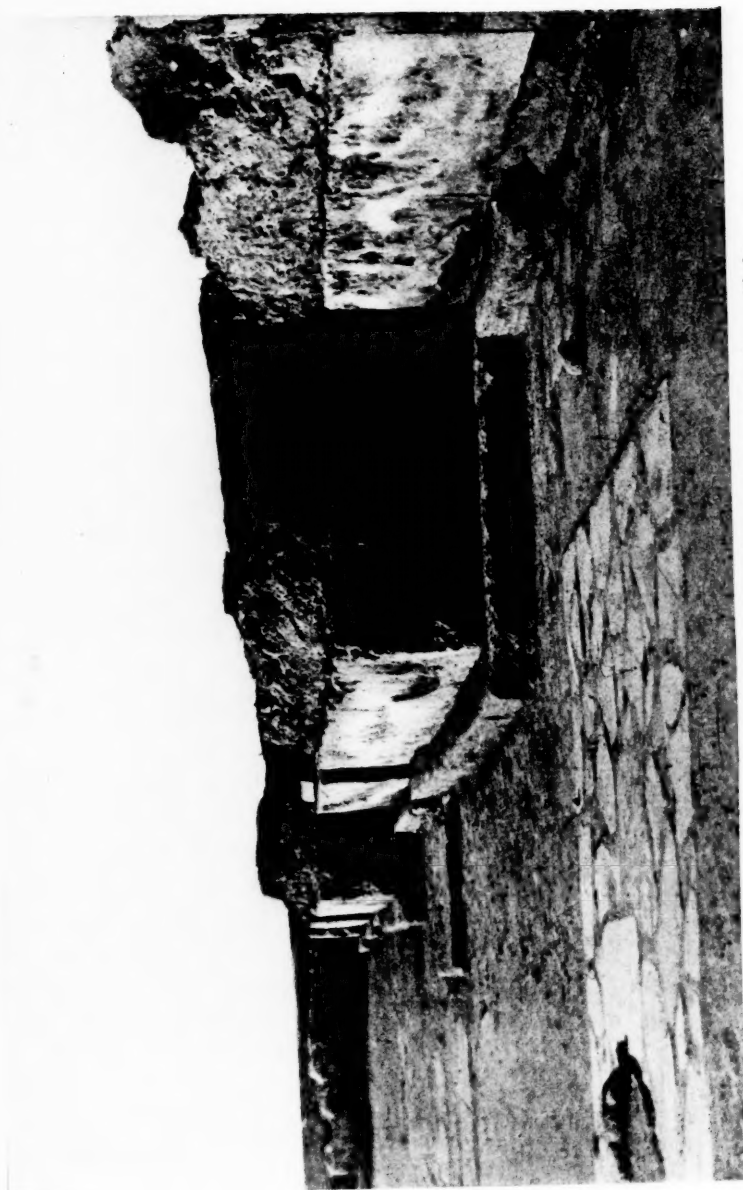
LESS than a generation back the origin of Greek civilisation, and with it the sources of all great culture that has ever been, were wrapped in an impenetrable mist. That ancient world was still girt round within its narrow confines by the circling "Stream of Ocean." Was there anything beyond? The fabled kings and heroes of the Homeric Age, with their palaces and strongholds, were they aught, after all, but more or less humanised sun-myths?

One man had faith, accompanied by works, and in Dr. Schliemann the science of classical antiquity found its Columbus. Armed with the spade he brought to light from beneath the mounds of ages a real Troy; at Tiryns and Mycenæ he laid bare the palace and the tombs and treasures of Homeric Kings. A new world opened to investigation, and the discoveries of its first explorer were followed up successfully by Dr. Tsountas and others on Greek soil. The eyes of observers were opened, and the traces of this prehistoric civilisation began to make their appearance far beyond the limits of Greece itself. From Cyprus and Palestine to Sicily and Southern Italy, and even to the coasts of Spain, the colonial and industrial enterprise of the "Mycenæans" has left its mark throughout the Mediterranean basin. Professor Petrie's researches in Egypt have conclusively shown that as early at least as the close of the Middle Kingdom, or, approximately speaking, the beginning of the Second Millennium B.C., imported Ægean vases

were finding their way into the Nile valley. By the great days of the XVIIIth Dynasty, in the sixteenth and succeeding centuries B.C., this intercourse was of such a kind that Mycenæan art, now in its full maturity of bloom, was reacting on that of the contemporary Pharaohs and infusing a living European element into the old conventional style of the land of the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

But the picture was still very incomplete. Nay, it might even be said that its central figure was not yet filled in. In all these excavations and researches the very land to which ancient tradition unanimously pointed as the cradle of Greek civilisation had been left out of count. To adapt the words applied by Gelon to slighted Sicily and Syracuse, "The spring was wanting from the year" of that earlier Hellas. Yet Crete, the central island—a half-way house between three Continents—flanked by the great Libyan promontory and linked by smaller island stepping stones to the Peloponnese and the mainland of Anatolia, was called upon by Nature to play a leading part in the development of the early Ægean culture.

Here, in his royal city of Knossos, ruled Minos, or whatever historic personage is covered by that name, and founded the first sea empire of Greece, extending his dominion far and wide over the Ægean isles and coast-lands. Athens paid to him its human tribute of youths and maidens. His colonial plantations extended east and west along the Mediterranean basin till Gaza worshipped the Cretan Zeus and a Minoan city rose in Western Sicily. But it is as the first lawgiver of Greece that he achieved his greatest renown, and the Code of Minos became the source of all later legislation. As the wise ruler and inspired lawgiver there is something altogether biblical in his legendary character. He is the Cretan Moses, who every nine years repaired to the Cave of Zeus, whether on the Cretan Ida or on Dicta, and received from the God of the Mountain the laws for his people. Like Abraham he is described as the "friend of God." Nay, in some accounts, the mythical being of Minos has a tendency to blend with that of his native Zeus.



Base of W. W. Wall of Palace, of great Gypsum Blocks.

Square Base of Altar.

Column Base.

Fig. 1.—Western Court of the Palace, Knossos.
Seen from S.W. Portico.

This Cretan Zeus, the God of the Mountain, whose animal figure was the bull and whose symbol was the double axe, had indeed himself a human side which distinguishes him from his more ethereal namesake of classical Greece. In the great Cave of Mount Dicta, whose inmost shrine, adorned with natural pillars of gleaming stalactite, leads deep down to the waters of an unnavigated pool, Zeus himself was said to have been born and fed with honey and goat's milk by the nymph Amaltheia. On the conical height immediately above the site of Minos' City—now known as Mount Juktas—and still surrounded by a Cyclopean enclosure, was pointed out his tomb. Classical Greece scoffed at this primitive legend, and for this particular reason, first gave currency to the proverb that "the Cretans are always liars." St. Paul, too, adopted this hard saying, but in Crete itself the new religion, which here, as elsewhere, so eagerly availed itself of what might aid its own propaganda in existing belief, seems to have dealt more gently with the scenes of the lowly birth and Holy Sepulchre of a mortal God. On the height of Juktas, on the peaks of Dicta, which overlooked, one the birth-place, the other the temple of the Cretan Zeus, pious hands have built chapels, the scenes of annual pilgrimage, dedicated to *Authentós Christos*, "the Lord Christ." In his shrine at Gaza the Minoan Zeus had already in Pagan days received the distinguishing epithet of Marnas, "the Lord" in its Syrian form.

If Minos was the first lawgiver, his craftsman Dædalus was the first traditional founder of what may be called a "school of art." Many were the fabled works wrought by them for King Minos, some gruesome, like the brass man Talos. In Knossos, the royal city, he built the dancing ground, or "Choros," of Ariadne, and the famous Labyrinth. In its inmost maze dwelt the Minotaur, or "Bull of Minos," fed daily with human victims, till such time as Theseus, guided by Ariadne's ball of thread, penetrated to its lair, and, after slaying the monster, rescued the captive youths and maidens. Such, at least, was the Athenian tale. A more prosaic tradition saw in the Laby-

rinth a building of many passages, the idea of which Dædalus had taken from the great Egyptian mortuary temple on the shores of Lake Moeris, to which the Greeks gave the same name; and recent philological research has derived the name itself from the *labrys*, or double axe, the emblem of the Cretan and Carian Zeus.

Mythological speculation has seen in the Labyrinth, to use the words of a learned German, "a thing of belief and fancy, an image of the starry heaven with its infinitely winding paths, in which, nevertheless, the sun and moon so surely move about." We shall see that the spade has supplied a simpler solution.

When one calls to mind these converging lines of ancient tradition it becomes impossible not to feel that, without Crete, "the spring is taken away" indeed from the Mycenæan world. Great as were the results obtained by exploration on the sites of this ancient culture on the Greek mainland and elsewhere, there was still a sense of incompleteness. In nothing was this more striking than in the absence of any written document. A few signs had, indeed, been found on a vase-handle, but these were set aside as mere ignorant copies of Hittite or Egyptian hieroglyphs. In the volume of his monumental work which deals with Mycenæan art, M. Perrot was reduced to the conclusion that, "as at present advised, we can continue to affirm that, for the whole of this period, neither in Peloponnese nor in Central Greece, no more upon the buildings nor upon the thousand-and-one objects of domestic use and luxury that have come forth from the tombs, has anything been discovered that resembles any form of writing."

But was this, indeed, the last word of scientific exploration? Was it possible that a people so advanced in other respects—standing in such intimate relations with Egypt and the Syrian lands where some form of writing had been an almost immemorial possession—should have been absolutely wanting in this most essential element of civilisation? I could not believe it. Once more one's thoughts turned to the land of Minos, and the question irresistibly suggested itself—was that



FIG. 2.—Magazine No. 5, showing great Store Jars.

early heritage of fixed laws compatible with a complete ignorance of the art of writing? An abiding tradition of the Cretans themselves, preserved by Diodoros, shows that they were better informed. The Phœnicians, they said, had not invented letters, they had simply changed their forms—in other words, they had only improved on an existing system.

It is now seven years since a piece of evidence came into my hands which went far to show that long before the days of the introduction of the Phœnician alphabet, as adopted by the later Greeks, the Cretans were, in fact, possessed of a system of writing. While hunting out ancient engraved stones at Athens I came upon some three- and four-sided seals showing on each of their faces groups of hieroglyphic and linear signs distinct from the Egyptian and Hittite, but evidently representing some form of script. On inquiry I learnt that these seals had been found in Crete. A clue was in my hands, and, like Theseus, I resolved to follow it, if possible to the inmost recesses of the Labyrinth. That the source and centre of the great Mycenæan civilisation remained to be unearthed on Cretan soil I had never doubted, but the prospect now opened of finally discovering its written records.

From 1894 onwards I undertook a series of campaigns of exploration chiefly in Central and Eastern Crete. In all directions fresh evidence continually came to light, Cyclopean ruins of cities and strongholds, beehive tombs, vases, votive bronzes, exquisitely engraved gems, amply demonstrating that in fact the great days of that "island story" lay far behind the historic period. From the Mycenæan sites of Crete I obtained a whole series of inscribed seals, such as I had first noticed at Athens, showing the existence of an entire system of hieroglyphic or quasi-pictorial writing, with here and there signs of the co-existence of more linear forms. From the great Cave of Mount Dicta—the birth-place of Zeus—the votive deposits of which have now been thoroughly explored by Mr. Hogarth, I procured a stone Libation Table inscribed with a dedication of several characters in the early Cretan script. But for more

exhaustive excavation my eyes were fixed on some ruined walls, the great gypsum blocks of which were engraved with curious symbolic characters, that crowned the southern slope of a hill known as Kephala, overlooking the ancient site of Knossos, the City of Minos. They were evidently part of a large prehistoric building. Might one not uncover here the palace of King Minos, perhaps even the mysterious Labyrinth itself?

These blocks had already arrested the attention of Schliemann and others, but the difficulties raised by the native proprietors had defeated all efforts at scientific exploration. In 1895 I succeeded in acquiring a quarter of the site from one of the joint owners. But the obstruction continued, and I was beset by difficulties of a more serious kind. The circumstances of the time were not favourable. The insurrection had broken out, half the villages in Crete were in ashes, and in the neighbouring town of Candia the most fanatical part of the Mahomedan population were collected together from the whole of the island. The faithful Herakles, who was at that time my "guide, philosopher, and muleteer," was seized by the Turks and thrown into a loathsome dungeon, from which he was with difficulty rescued. Soon afterwards the inevitable massacre took place, of which the nominal British "occupants" of Candia were in part themselves the victims. Then at last the sleeping lion was aroused. Under the guns of Admiral Noel the Turkish Commander evacuated the Government buildings at ten minutes notice and shipped off the Sultan's troops. Crete once more was free.

At the beginning of this year I was at last able to secure the remaining part of the site of Kephala, and with the consent of Prince George's Government at once set about the work of excavation. I received some pecuniary help from the recently started Cretan Exploration Fund, and was fortunate in securing the services of Mr. Duncan Mackenzie, who had done good work for the British School in Melos, to assist me in directing the works. From about eighty to one hundred and fifty men

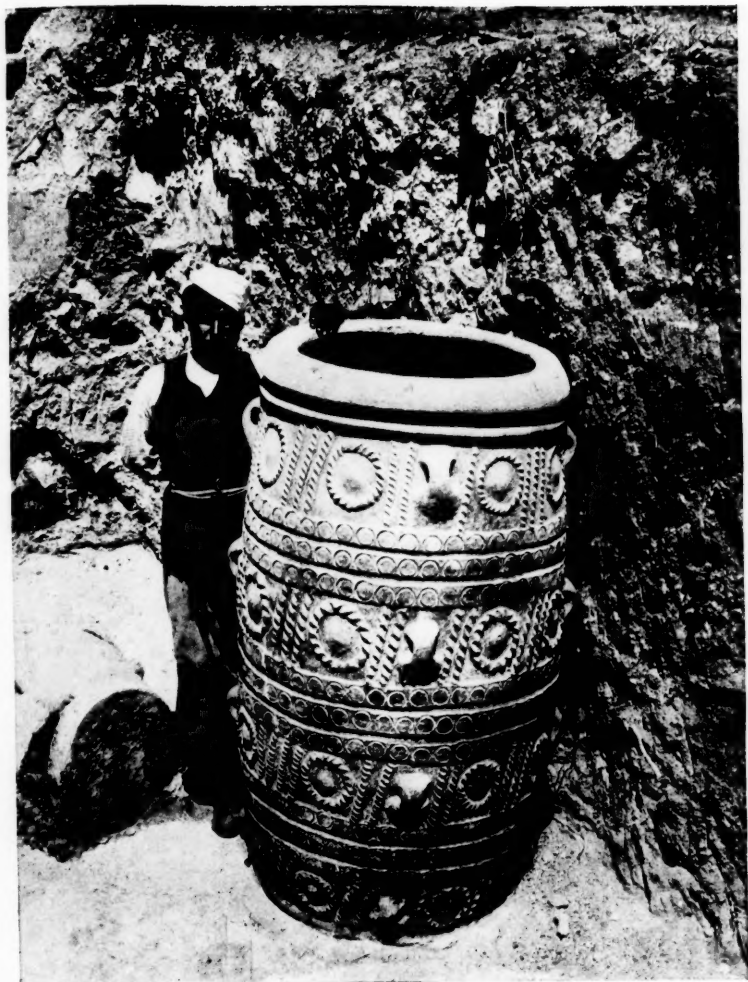


FIG. 3.—Large Clay Store Jar.

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were employed in the excavation which continued till the heat and fevers of June put an end to it for this season.

The result has been to uncover a large part of a vast prehistoric building—a palace with its numerous dependencies, but a palace on a far larger scale than those of Tiryns and Mycenæ. About two acres of this has been unearthed, for by an extraordinary piece of good fortune the remains of walls began to appear only a foot or so, often only a few inches, below the surface. This dwelling of prehistoric kings had been overwhelmed by a great catastrophe. Everywhere on the hill-top were traces of a mighty conflagration; burnt beams and charred wooden columns lay within the rooms and corridors. There was here no gradual decay. The civilisation represented on this spot had been cut short in the fulness of its bloom. Nothing later than remains of the good Mycenaean period was found over the whole site. Nothing even so late as the last period illustrated by the remains of Mycenæ itself. From the day of destruction to this the site has been left entirely desolate. For three thousand years or more not a tree seems to have been planted here; over a part of the area not even a ploughshare had passed. At the time of the great overthrow, no doubt, the place had been methodically plundered for metal objects, and the fallen *débris* in the rooms and passages turned over and ransacked for precious booty. Here and there a local Bey or peasant had grubbed for stone slabs to supply his yard or threshing-floor. But the party walls of clay and plaster still stood intact, with the fresco painting on them, still in many cases perfectly preserved at a few inches depth from the surface, a clear proof of how severely the site had been let alone for these long centuries.

Who were the destroyers? Perhaps the Dorian invaders who seem to have overrun the island about the eleventh or twelfth century before our era. More probably, still earlier invading swarms from the mainland of Greece. The Palace itself had a long antecedent history and there are frequent traces of remodelling. Its early elements may go back a thousand

years before its final overthrow, since, in the great Eastern Court, was found the lower part of an Egyptian seated figure of diorite, with a triple inscription, showing that it dates back to the close of the XIIth or the beginning of the XIIIth Dynasty of Egypt; in other words approximately to 2000 B.C. But below the foundation of the later building, and covering the whole hill, are the remains of a primitive settlement of still greater antiquity, belonging to the insular Stone Age. In parts this "Neolithic" deposit was over twenty-four feet thick, everywhere full of stone axes, knives of volcanic glass, dark polished and incised pottery, and primitive images such as those found by Schliemann in the lowest strata of Troy.

The outer walls of the palace were supported on huge gypsum blocks, but there was no sign of an elaborate system of fortification such as at Tiryns and Mycenæ. The reason of this is not far to seek. Why is Paris strongly fortified, while London is practically an open town? The city of Minos, it must be remembered, was the centre of a great sea-power, and it was in "wooden walls" that its rulers must have put their trust. The mighty blocks of the Palace show, indeed, that it was not for want of engineering power that the akropolis of Knossos remained unfortified. But in truth Mycenæan might was here at home. At Tiryns and Mycenæ itself it felt itself threatened by warlike Continental neighbours. It was not till the mainland foes were masters of the sea that they could have forced an entry into the House of Minos. Then, indeed, it was an easy task. In the Cave of Zeus on Mount Ida was found a large brooch (or *fibula*) belonging to the race of northern invaders, on one side of which a war galley is significantly engraved.

The Palace was entered on the south-west side by a portico and double doorway opening from a spacious paved court (Fig. 1). Flanking the portico were remains of a great fresco of a bull, and on the walls of the corridor leading from it were still preserved the lower part of a procession of painted life-size figures, in the centre of which was a female personage, probably

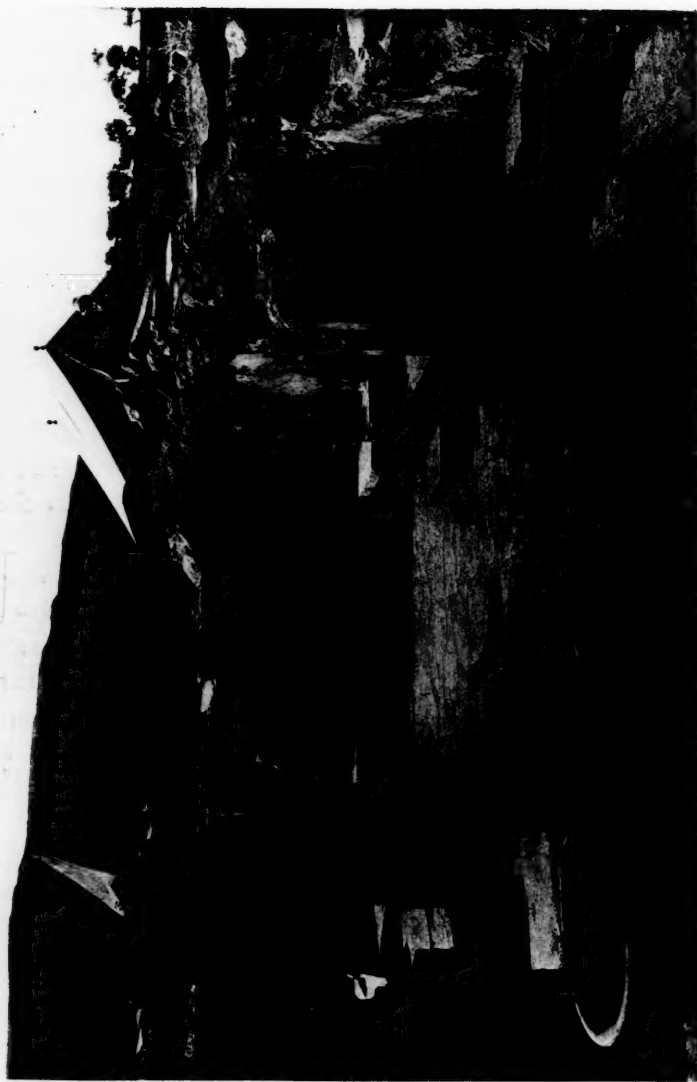


Four Entrances opening on E. Court.

Stone Bench with Pilasters.

Gypsum Blocks of Corridor with Incised Symbols.

FIG. 4.—Ante-Chamber to Throne Room.
Seen from its Northern Entrance.



Stone Breastwork of Tank with
Sockets for Wooden Columns.

Doorway of Inner
Chamber.

Stone Bench and Fallen
Pieces of Fresco.

Gypsum Throne between
Lower Benches.

Corner of Ante-Chamber.

FIG. 5.— Throne Room from Ante-Chamber.

a queen, in magnificent apparel. This corridor seems to have led round to a great southern porch or *Propyleum* with double columns, the walls of which were originally decorated with figures in the same style. Along nearly the whole length of the building ran a spacious paved corridor, lined by a long row of fine stone doorways, giving access to a succession of magazines. On the floor of these magazines huge store jars were still standing, large enough to have contained the "forty thieves" (Fig. 2). One of these jars, contained in a small separate chamber, was nearly five feet in height (Fig. 3).

Here occurred one of the most curious discoveries of the whole excavation. Under the closely compacted pavement of one of these magazines, upon which the huge jars stood, there were built in, between solid piles of masonry, double tiers of stone cists lined with lead. Only a few were opened and they proved to be empty, but there can be little doubt that they were constructed for the deposit of treasure. Whoever destroyed and plundered the Palace had failed to discover these receptacles, so that when more come to be explored there is some real hope of finding buried hoards.

On the east side of the Palace opened a still larger paved court, approached by broad steps from another principal entrance to the North. From this court access was given by an ante-room (Fig. 4) to what was certainly the most interesting chamber of the whole building, almost as perfectly preserved—though some twelve centuries older—as anything found beneath the volcanic ash of Pompeii or the lava of Herculaneum. Already a few inches below the surface freshly preserved fresco began to appear. Walls were shortly uncovered decorated with flowering plants and running water, while on each side of the doorway of a small inner room stood guardian griffins with peacocks' plumes in the same flowery landscape. Round the walls ran low stone benches, and between these on the north side, separated by a small interval and raised on a stone base, rose a gypsum throne with a high back, and originally coloured with decorative designs. Its lower part

was adorned with a curiously carved arch, with crocketed mouldings, showing an extraordinary anticipation of some most characteristic features of Gothic architecture. Opposite the throne was a finely wrought tank of gypsum slabs—a feature borrowed perhaps from an Egyptian palace—approached by a descending flight of steps, and originally surmounted by cyprus-wood columns supporting a kind of *impluvium*. Here truly was the council chamber of a Mycenæan King or Sovereign Lady. It may be said to-day that the youngest of European rulers has in his dominions the oldest throne in Europe (Fig. 5).

The frescoes discovered on the Palace site constitute a new epoch in the history of painting. Little, indeed, of the kind even of classical Greek antiquity has been hitherto known earlier at least than the Pompeian series. The first find of this kind marks a red-letter day in the story of the excavation. In carefully uncovering the earth and *débris* in a passage at the back of the southern Propylæum there came to light two large fragments of what proved to be the upper part of a youth bearing a gold-mounted silver cup (Fig. 6). The robe is decorated with a beautiful quatre-foil pattern; a silver ornament appears in front of the ear, and silver rings on the arms and neck. What is specially interesting among the ornaments is an agate gem on the left wrist, thus illustrating the manner of wearing the beautifully engraved signets of which many clay impressions were found in the palace.

The colours were almost as brilliant as when laid down over three thousand years before. For the first time the true portraiture of a man of this mysterious Mycenæan race rises before us. The flesh tint, following perhaps an Egyptian precedent, is of a deep reddish-brown. The limbs are finely moulded, though the waist, as usual in Mycenæan fashions, is tightly drawn in by a silver-mounted girdle, giving great relief to the hips. The profile of the face is pure and almost classically Greek. This, with the dark curly hair and high brachycephalic head, recalls an indigenous type well represented still in the glens of Ida and the White Mountains—a type which brings



FIG. 6.—Fresco of the Cup-bearer
(Original Life-size).

with it many reminiscences from the Albanian highlands and the neighbouring regions of Montenegro and Herzegovina. The lips are somewhat full, but the physiognomy has certainly no Semitic cast. The profile rendering of the eye shows an advance in human portraiture foreign to Egyptian art, and only achieved by the artists of classical Greece in the early fine-art period of the fifth century B.C.—after some eight centuries, that is, of barbaric decadence and slow revival.

There was something very impressive in this vision of brilliant youth and of male beauty, recalled after so long an interval to our upper air from what had been till yesterday a forgotten world. Even our untutored Cretan workmen felt the spell and fascination. They, indeed, regarded the discovery of such a painting in the bosom of the earth as nothing less than miraculous, and saw in it the “icon” of a Saint! The removal of the fresco required a delicate and laborious process of under-plastering, which necessitated its being watched at night, and old Manolis, one of the most trustworthy of our gang, was told off for the purpose. Somehow or other he fell asleep, but the wrathful Saint appeared to him in a dream. Waking with a start, he was conscious of a mysterious presence; the animals round began to low and neigh, and “there were visions about”; “*φαντάζει*,” he said, in summing up his experiences next morning, “the whole place spooks!”

To the north of the Palace, in some rooms that seem to have belonged to the women’s quarter, frescoes were found in an entirely novel miniature style. Here were ladies with white complexions—due, we may fancy, to the seclusion of harem life—*décolletées*, but with fashionable puffed sleeves and flounced gowns, and their hair as elaborately curled and *frisé* as if they were fresh from a *coiffeur*’s hands. “Mais,” exclaimed a French savant who honoured me with a visit, “ce sont des Parisiennes!”

They were seated in groups, engaged in animated conversation, in the courts and gardens and on the balconies of a palatial building, while in the walled spaces beyond were large crowds

of men and boys, some of them hurling javelins. In some cases both sexes were intermingled. These alternating scenes of Peace and War recall the subjects of Achilles' shield, and we have here at the same time a contemporary illustration of that populousness of the Cretan cities in the Homeric age which struck the imagination of the bard. Certain fragments of fresco belong to the still earlier period of Ægean art, which precedes the Mycenæan, well illustrated in another field by the elegant painted vases found by Mr. Hogarth in some private houses on this site. A good idea of the refinement already reached in these earlier days of the Palace is given by the subject of one fresco fragment in this "pre-Mycenæan" style—a boy, namely, in a field of white crocuses, some of which he has gathered and is placing in an ornamental vase.

Very valuable architectural details were supplied by the walls and buildings of some of the miniature frescoes above described. In one place rose the façade of a small temple, with triple cells containing sacred pillars, and representing in a more advanced form the arrangement of the small golden shrines, with doves perched upon them, found by Schliemann in the shaft graves at Mycenæ. This temple fresco has a peculiar interest, as showing the character of a good deal of the upper structure of the palace itself, which has now perished. It must largely have consisted of clay and rubble walls, artfully concealed under brilliantly painted plaster, and contained and supported by a woodwork framing. The base of the small temple rests on the huge gypsum blocks which form so conspicuous a feature in the existing remains, and below the central opening is inserted a frieze, recalling the alabaster reliefs of the palace hall of Tiryns, with triglyphs, the prototypes of the Doric, and the half-rosettes of the "metopes" inlaid with blue enamel, the Kyanos of Homer.

A transition from painting to sculpture was supplied by a great relief of a bull in hard plaster, coloured with the natural tints, large parts of which, including the head, were found near the northern gate. It is unquestionably the finest plastic work



FIG. 7.—Relief of Bull's Head in Coloured *Gesso duro* (Original Life-size).

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of the time that has come down to us, stronger and truer to life than any classical sculpture of the kind (Fig. 7).

Somewhat more conventional, but still showing great naturalistic power, is the marble head of a lioness, made for the spout of a fountain. It too had been originally tinted, and the eyes and nostrils inlaid with brightly coloured enamels. A part of a stone frieze, with finely undercut rosettes, recalled similar fragments from Tiryns and Mycenæ, but far surpasses them in execution.

Vases of marble and other stones abounded, some exquisitely carved. Among these was one cut out of alabaster in the shape of a great Triton shell, every coil and fold of which was accurately reproduced. A porphyry lamp, supported on a quatre-foil pillar, with a beautiful lotus capital, well illustrates the influence of an Egyptian model. But the model was here surpassed.

Among the more curious arts, practised in prehistoric Knossos, was that of miniature painting on the back of plaques of crystal. A galloping bull thus delineated on an azure background is a little masterpiece in its way. A small relief on a banded agate, representing a dagger in an ornamental sheath resting on an artistically folded belt, to a certain extent anticipates by many centuries the art of cameo carving. A series of clay seals was also discovered, exhibiting impressions of intaglios in the fine bold Mycenæan style; one of these, with two bulls, larger than any known signet gem of the kind, may well have been a royal seal. The subjects of some of these intaglios show the development of a surprisingly picturesque style of art. We see fish naturalistically grouped in a rocky pool, a hart beside a water-brook in a mountain glen, and a grotto, above which some small monkey-like creatures are seen climbing the over-hanging crags.

But manifold as were the objects of interest found within the palace walls of Knossos, the crowning discovery—or, rather, series of discoveries—remains to be told. On the last day of March, not far below the surface of the ground, a little

to the right of the southern portico, there turned up a clay tablet of elongated shape, bearing on it incised characters in a linear script, accompanied by numeral signs. My hopes now ran high of finding entire deposits of clay archives, and they were speedily realised. Not far from the scene of the first discovery there came to light a clay receptacle containing a hoard of tablets. In other chambers occurred similar deposits, which had originally been stored in coffers of wood, clay, or gypsum. The tablets themselves are of various forms, some flat, elongated bars, from about 2 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, with wedge-like ends; others, larger and squarer, ranging in size to small octavo (Fig. 8). In one particular magazine tablets of a different kind were found—perforated bars, crescent and scallop-like “labels,” with writing in the same hieroglyphic style as that on the seals found in Eastern Crete. But the great mass, amounting to over a thousand inscriptions, belonged to another and more advanced system with linear characters. It was, in short, a highly developed form of script, with regular divisions between the words, and for elegance hardly surpassed by any later form of writing.

A clue to the meaning of these clay records is in many cases supplied by the addition of pictorial illustrations representing the objects concerned. Thus we find human figures, perhaps slaves; chariots and horses; arms or implements and armour, such as axes and cuirasses; houses or barns; ears of barley or other cereals; swine; various kinds of trees; and a long-stamened flower, evidently the saffron crocus, used for dyes. On some tablets appear ingots, probably of bronze, followed by a balance (the Greek *τάλαντον*), and figures which probably indicate their value in Mycenæan gold talents. The numerals attached to many of these objects show that we have to do with accounts referring to the royal stores and arsenals.

Some tablets relate to ceramic vessels of various forms, many of them containing marks indicative of their contents. Others, still more interesting, show vases of metallic forms, and obviously relate to the royal treasures. It is a highly



FIG. 8.—Clay Tablet with the Linear Prehistoric Script.

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significant fact that the most characteristic of these, such as a beaker like the famous gold cups found in the Vapheio tomb near Sparta, a high-spouted ewer and an object, perhaps representing a certain weight of metal, in the form of an ox's head, recur—together with the ingots with incurving sides among the gold offerings in the hands of the tributary Ægean princes—on Egyptian monuments of Thothmes III.'s time. These tributary chieftains, described as Kefts and People of the Isles of the Sea, who have been already recognised as the representatives of the Mycenæan culture, recall in their dress and other particulars the Cretan youths, such as the Cupbearer above described, who take part in the processional scenes on the palace frescoes. The appearance in the records of the royal treasury at Knossos of vessels of the same form as those offered by them to Pharaoh is itself a valuable indication that some of these clay archives approximately go back to the same period—in other words, to the beginning of the fifteenth century B.C.

Other documents, in which neither ciphers nor pictorial illustrations are to be found, may appeal even more deeply to the imagination. The analogy of the more or less contemporary tablets, written in cuneiform script, found in the palace of Tell-el-Amarna, might lead us to expect among them the letters from distant governors or diplomatic correspondence. It is probable that some are contracts or public acts, which may give some actual formulas of Minoan legislation. There is, indeed, an atmosphere of legal nicety, worthy of the House of Minos, in the way in which these clay records were secured. The knots of string which, according to the ancient fashion, stood in the place of locks for the coffers containing the tablets, were rendered inviolable by the attachment of clay seals, impressed with the finely engraved signets, the types of which represent a great variety of subjects, such as ships, chariots, religious scenes, lions, bulls, and other animals. But—as if this precaution was not in itself considered sufficient—while the clay was still wet the face of the seal was countermarked

by a controlling official, and the back countersigned and endorsed by an inscription in the same Mycenæan script as that inscribed on the tablets themselves.

Much study and comparison will be necessary for the elucidation of these materials, which it may be hoped will be largely supplemented by the continued exploration of the Palace. If, as may well be the case, the language in which they were written was some primitive form of Greek we need not despair of the final decipherment of these Knossian archives, and the bounds of history may eventually be so enlarged as to take in the "heroic age" of Greece. In any case the weighty question, which years before I had set myself to solve on Cretan soil, has found, so far at least, an answer. That great early civilisation was not dumb, and the written records of the Hellenic world are carried back some seven centuries beyond the date of the first known historic writings. But what, perhaps, is even more remarkable than this is that, when we examine in detail the linear script of these Mycenæan documents, it is impossible not to recognise that we have here a system of writing, syllabic and perhaps partly alphabetic, which stands on a distinctly higher level of development than the hieroglyphs of Egypt or the cuneiform script of contemporary Syria and Babylonia. It is not till some five centuries later that we find the first dated examples of Phœnician writing.

The signs already mentioned as engraved on the great gypsum blocks of the Palace must be regarded as distinct from the script proper. These blocks go back to the earliest period of the building, and the symbols on them, which are of very limited selection but of constant recurrence, seem to have had a religious significance. The most constantly recurring of these, indeed, is the *labrys*, or double axe, already referred to—the special symbol of the Cretan Zeus, votive deposits of which, in bronze, have been found in the cave sanctuaries of the God on Mount Ida and Mount Dicta. The double-axe is engraved on the principal blocks, such as the corner stones

and door-jambs throughout the building, and recurs as a sign of dedication on every side of every block of a sacred pillar that forms the centre of what seems to have been the inmost shrine of an aniconic cult connected with this indigenous divinity.

The "House of Minos" thus turns out to be also the House of the Double Axe—the *labrys* and its Lord—in other words, it is the true *Labyrinthos*. The divine inspirer of Minos was not less the Lord of the Bull, and it is certainly no accidental coincidence that huge figures of bulls in painting and plaster occupied conspicuous positions within it. Nay, more, on a small steatite relief, a couchant bull is seen above the doorway of a building probably intended to represent the Palace, and this would connect it in the most direct way with the sacred animal of the Cretan Zeus.

There can be little remaining doubt that this vast edifice, which in a broad historic sense we are justified in calling the "Palace of Minos," is one and the same as the traditional "Labyrinth." A great part of the ground plan itself, with its long corridors and repeated succession of blind galleries, its tortuous passages and spacious underground conduit, its bewildering system of small chambers, does in fact present many of the characteristics of a maze.

Let us place ourselves for a moment in the position of the first Dorian colonists of Knossos after the great overthrow, when features now laboriously uncovered by the spade were still perceptible amid the mass of ruins. The name was still preserved, though the exact meaning, as supplied by the native Cretan dialect, had been probably lost. Hard by the western gate in her royal robes, to-day but partially visible, stood Queen Ariadne herself—and might not the comely youth in front of her be the hero Theseus, about to receive the coil of thread for his errand of liberation down the mazy galleries beyond? Within, fresh and beautiful on the walls of the inmost chambers, were the captive boys and maidens locked up here by the tyrant of old. At more than one turn rose a mighty

bull, in some cases, no doubt, according to the favourite Mycenæan motive, grappled with by a half naked man. The type of the Minotaur itself as a man-bull was not wanting on the soil of prehistoric Knossos, and more than one gem found on this site represents a monster with the lower body of a man and the forepart of a bull.

One may feel assured that the effect of these artistic creations on the rude Greek settler of those days was not less than that of the disinterred fresco on the Cretan workman of to-day. Everything around—the dark passages, the lifelike figures surviving from an older world—would conspire to produce a sense of the supernatural. It was haunted ground, and then, as now, “phantasms” were about. The later stories of the grisly king and his man-eating bull sprang, as it were, from the soil, and the whole site called forth a superstitious awe. It was left severely alone by the new comers. Another Knossos grew up on the lower slopes of the hill to the north, and the old Palace site became a “desolation and hissing.” Gradually earth’s mantle covered the ruined heaps, and by the time of the Romans the Labyrinth had become nothing more than a tradition and a name.

ARTHUR J. EVANS.

GIUSEPPE VERDI

IT is always vain to attempt the task of "placing" a great artist of any kind soon after his death, or that of assessing his qualities and defects at the value which they will ultimately hold in history. If it is difficult with every artist, creative or interpretative, it becomes almost impossible in certain cases, where public opinion has varied in successive generations, and where the artist's style has undergone radical changes. In the history of the arts there is surely no exact parallel to the career of Verdi, who swayed the hearts of his countrymen through the greater part of his eighty-seven years, by means of music which had at least this one bond of unity throughout, that it was essentially Italian from first to last. Partly by a series of queer accidents, and partly by his own predilections, he became one of the chief emblems of united Italy, and not even the names of Garibaldi or Cavour were more representative of the cause of Italian freedom than was that name of which the letters stood for the king's initials, so that the phrase "Viva Verdi" stood for "Viva Vittorio Emanuele, Re D'Italia." Unlike his illustrious contemporary on the other side of the Alps, Richard Wagner, Verdi took next to no active share in politics: he was elected a deputy of the Italian parliament in 1861, and a senator of the Italian kingdom in 1874, but beyond attending a very few meetings of the parliament, and taking the oath required for the second office, he did nothing, happily for music, in connection with either position. I am far

from suggesting that the imaginations of Wagner's biographers are in any need of exercise, but if it were so, I should like to commend to them the consideration of what Wagner would have done in similar circumstances.

The significance of his name was only one out of many accidents which combined to make Verdi a symbol, in the popular imagination, of the coming freedom from the old and evil order of things before the establishment of the kingdom. In his third opera, *Nabucodonosor*, there occurred a chorus of Hebrew slaves, "Va pensiero," in the course of which the words "O mia patria si bella e perduta" inflamed the patriotism of every hearer, and naturally excited the suspicions of the government, so that every succeeding work of Verdi's was considered more or less dangerous, and one after another had to be presented in some altered garb before its performance could be permitted, with the natural result that the audience read between the lines, and the works attracted more attention than they might otherwise have done. This necessity for changing the outward aspect of his earlier operas was oddly common, though the reasons for it were various. It was not from political reasons, but from puritanical, that on its first performance in England the aforesaid *Nabucodonosor* had to be changed into *Nino* in 1846 at Her Majesty's, and again presented, eleven years afterwards, as *Anato*, under Gye at the Lyceum. *La Battaglia di Legnano*, produced at Rome in 1849, was only allowed to pass the Austrian censorship at Milan when it was transformed into *L'Assedio di Harlem*; in *Rigoletto*, Mantua and its duke must needs stand for Paris and Francis I.; the typically nineteenth-century atmosphere of *La Dame aux Camélias* had to be sacrificed in *La Traviata*, simply because trousers were considered out of place on the operatic stage in 1853; and the grim subject of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* had to be changed into *Giovanna di Guzman* before it could be made presentable for the Italian public. The assassination of Gustavus III. of Sweden, which provides the central catastrophe of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, would possibly

have been presented, all the world over, as it was in Italy, under the guise of the murder of a governor of Boston, if Mario had not had the grace, or the conceit, to refuse to appear in the unbecoming costume of a New England puritan of the eighteenth century. Two cases of more thorough transformation of works that turned out unsatisfactorily there are, but both were done by the composer himself: *Stiffelio*, a forgotten opera, which immediately preceded *Rigoletto* in the list, was turned into *Aroldo*, and provided with a great deal of new music, in particular a graphic musical description of a storm. The Lutheran priest of the original work becomes a Saxon knight, and the new last act takes place on the shores of "Loch Loomond." The other transformation, a far more important one, was that of *Simon Boccanegra*, from the form, scarcely intelligible, in which it was given at Venice in 1857, to that in which it appeared, after revision of the libretto by no less eminent a person than Arrigo Boito, at Milan in 1881. Whether from the fact that Verdi's position, or the Italian kingdom, or both, were firmly established by the time that *La Forza del Destino* was given at St. Petersburg in 1862, the fact remains that from this point onwards no further alterations took place in libretti or music.

If we divide the fifty-five years of Verdi's career as an operatic composer into two portions of twenty-eight and twenty-seven years respectively, we find that in the first, from *Oberto, Conte di San Bonifacio* (1839) to *Don Carlos* (1867) there are twenty-three operas, in the other only three; but when we consider that the three are *Aida*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*, it is easy to realise how far the value of the three outweighs that of their twenty-three predecessors. It is only in respect of these three that he can be numbered among the greatest dramatic composers of the world, and all schools of critics agree that these are his best works. That is indeed about all they do agree upon; for very few questions have been more hotly disputed than that which concerns the sudden changes or the gradual development of Verdi's style. On the one

hand are those who perceive in his work three or four periods differing from each other so widely that some cause, external to the composer himself, has to be sought for; according to others, the process of change is quite a gradual one, nothing in fact but a natural development of the sense of artistic propriety. Those who take this latter view are either the acknowledged anti-Wagnerians, who dread the idea that Verdi's change should be considered as a result of Wagner's own revolution, or else Italian critics, who fancy that to mention Wagnerian influence is to impugn their illustrious countryman's originality. Some go so far as to assert that there is no change of style to be perceived between the earlier and the later operas, so that, in their opinion, there is little or nothing to choose between *Oberto*, *Conte di San Bonifacio*, and *Falstaff*, except that the last operas of the composer happen to have better libretti than the first. Wagner is obviously the disturbing element on both sides; but a little reflection will make it clear that the great reform of operatic art was not due to Wagner alone. The art of making music express human passions or emotions was invented, or possibly rediscovered, at the beginning of the seventeenth century; it was not long before the opera-loving public began to give their approval to airs cut out on one formal pattern, quite irrespective of the dramatic situation for which they were intended; and the war has gone on ever since, between the original operatic creators and the stupid public which can only be satisfied with conventional numbers that tickle the ears but express nothing. The process of conventionalising opera reached its height at the period of which Handel's operas are the best-known examples, although he was no worse than many of his Italian, French, or German contemporaries. It was from this state of dramatic decadence that Gluck's reforms rescued the opera, and from that time there began again the process of decay, culminating in the set cavatinas of those Italian composers of whom Rossini is the great example, and Bellini and Donizetti the weaker types. Wagner's music was

a practical protest against this school, but he only reconquered the ground that Gluck had gained before, and the fact that Verdi had to conquer it again in Italy was due to the circumstance that the typical faults of the Italian school were harder to uproot in Italy than elsewhere. It does not matter whether Verdi consciously adopted the principles which underlay Wagner's compositions, or whether he worked out his later methods for himself; the fact remains that these methods are entirely his own, and that although we may find a *leit-motiv* running through *Aida*, *Otello*, or *Falstaff*, the manner of its employment is altogether as different from Wagner's manner as the form of the Italian's melody is from that of the German writer.

Looking back over the earlier works of Verdi from the standpoint of his later, we can trace the germs of his later style here and there in the operas of what is called his second period, that is, the period which includes the three operas which formerly represented his work for English audiences, *Rigoletto*, *Il Trovatore*, and *La Traviata*. The first of the three contains one at least of those declamatory solos which are of the essence of music-drama; and perfect individualisation of the different characters of the piece is manifested in the famous quartet, in which the various emotions through which the four personages are passing are reflected and combined with rare and perfect art. It is strange after this triumphant artistic success to find the composer going back to the most thoroughly conventional style in *Il Trovatore*, which contains not one hint even of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things—not one suggestion that the composer had already set his foot upon the path which was ultimately to lead him to heights unattained in Italy. This may have been due to the comparatively uneducated condition of the Roman public for whom the work was written, as has been suggested by Mr. Streatfeild in his "Masters of Italian Music"; but if so, how comes *La Traviata*, which, like *Rigoletto*, was brought out in Venice, to approach the style of *Il Trovatore*

much more nearly than it does that of *Rigoletto*? The absurdly complicated plot of *Il Trovatore*, and the sickly sentimentality of *La Traviata*, may have had something to do with it, for neither can compare, of course, with even the weakened version of Victor Hugo's tragedy for dramatic consistency and force.

These, and a few of the operas before and after them, are the works which procured for their composer the credit of making a prodigious amount of noise, of overloading the orchestra, of employing the brass too freely, and, in short, of committing the whole series of crimes which are generally attributed by the less cultivated amateurs to anything and anybody that is strange to them. Browning was such a well-educated musician, and a man of such breadth of view, that we may take his often quoted lines as typical of the general impression concerning Verdi's earlier period:—

Like Verdi when, at his worst opera's end
(The thing they gave at Florence, what's its name,)
While the mad houseful's plaudits near outbang
His orchestra of salt-box, tongs, and bones,
He looks through all the roaring and the wreaths
Where sits Rossini patient in his stall.

We need not press Browning's words so far as to infer from them that Rossini actually attended the first performance of *Macbeth*, the only opera of Verdi's that was brought out in Florence; what is most interesting in the quotation is that it shows the general attitude of the cultivated world with regard to the two composers. Neither Browning, nor any one else in the fifties, could possibly have foreseen that Verdi would rise to heights of dramatic power, even farther beyond Rossini's ken than *Tannhäuser* proved to be, concerning which the story is well-authenticated that he tried the pianoforte score first the right way up and then the wrong, without being able to make head or tail of it.

With all his noise and bluster, Verdi never adopted the rhetorical devices by which Rossini charmed his hearers; his melodies are very often wanting in refinement, but they are

always direct and utterly sincere. Though many of the earlier songs fall into the pattern set years before, according to which, even in the most tragic situation, the singer must be provided with a quick movement, or "caballetta" after a slow beginning, yet even there Verdi managed to give some sense of natural, direct expression to his music, which to southern ears, at all events, was the perfect musical reflection of the action. The quality which differentiates the three immortal operas of Verdi's latest years from the earlier, is that of intensity; in these there seems to be no time to expatiate on the beauty of some one melodic phrase until even the man in the gallery may be quite sure that he will not forget it, and the man in the stalls only wishes he could. The fire of the composer's genius seems to burn more fiercely as time goes on, and indeed the image of fire is the most suitable one to use of the effect of these later operas. In *Aida*, the warring passions of the rivals, the princess and her slave, seem to burn all the more surely for the curious reiterations of whole passages that occur in so many scenes; in *Otello*, the hearer's first impression is that the purely musical element has almost disappeared in a fiery atmosphere that has given a new force to Shakespeare's tragedy, he knows not how; and in *Falstaff*, the furnace seems kindled to a white heat that culminates in the rapturous laughter of the final fugue. The absence of any very definite musical impression, which many intelligent persons have felt on first hearing *Otello*, is quite inexplicable to those who know the work more intimately, and to whom it seems full of exquisite things; but that Verdi should be able to add a force to Shakespeare shows that there is a considerable difference in his style from the days when his *Macbeth* seemed so far from realising the poet's ideal that its performance in England was impossible. The humour of *Falstaff* must have been a surprise to everybody; the composer's biographer, Arthur Pougin, had years before committed himself to the statement that Verdi was unfit for writing comic music, on the strength of his second work, a comic opera called *Un Giorno di Regno*, which had no success; and there was

surely some excuse for the general impression, since the touches of humour in *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the attempt at giving relief to the sanguinary incidents of *La Forza del Destino*, in the persons of a vivandière and a comic priest, are not entirely successful. In truth, Verdi's was not a comic talent of the ordinary kind, and even in *Falstaff* his humour is more often sardonic than superficial; it was not the less intense or genuine because it was about as far from the gay cynicism which prevailed at the Savoy Theatre as it was from the uproarious if less comprehensible jocularities of the latest "variety show." I doubt if the Great Bassoon Joke, upon which English audiences have thriven so well for many years, occurs once in the works of Verdi; but there is not a page of *Falstaff* which does not exhibit touches of musical as well as verbal wit, and that of the most entrancing kind. Such scenes as the assignation made by Falstaff with Dame Quickly, with its playful reiteration of the notes associated with the words "dalle due alle tre," the whole scene of the buck-basket, the fat knight's soliloquy after his immersion in the Thames, and above all, the working up of the fun in the final scene, are monuments of humorous power.

It will possibly never be known how strong was the influence of Boito upon Verdi; in a literary sense, the older composer had strong preferences for the best work from the beginning of his career, and it is curious to find how often he chose subjects from the great literature of the world: thus, *Ernani* and *Rigoletto* come from Victor Hugo; *I Due Foscari* and *Il Corsaro* from Byron; *I Masnadieri*, *Luisa Miller*, *Don Carlos*, and possibly a suggestion of *Giovanna d'Arco* from Schiller; while after his early venture in *Macbeth* he wisely left Shakespeare alone until his new powers of dramatic realisation were completely developed. In his last two operas, the wonderful beauty of the libretti prepared for him by Boito was admitted on all hands, excepting by a few Italian pedants who objected to some restorations of old Italian terms in *Falstaff*, which were obviously employed to put the Italian audience into

a frame of mind analogous to that in which the ordinary Englishman listens to Shakespeare. The year 1868, which saw the first unsuccessful production of Boito's *Mefistofele* in its original form, is one of the years that divide *Don Carlos*, in which Verdi seemed to be groping in the dark for a new method without any very satisfactory result, from *Aida*, in which the new method has been completely assimilated. Without wishing to imply that the older composer consciously adopted the method which appeared in perfection in the work of the younger, it is possible that Boito's work may have had something to do with the change in Verdi's style, whether we call it sudden or gradual. The close friendship between the two masters strengthens this theory, and it is sometimes supposed to be the younger man's loyal reverence for the older that made him determine to withhold his own long-finished opera, *Nerone*, from the public until after Verdi's death. Be this as it may, and even if there were no more influence from one to another than that which must naturally occur between a librettist and a composer, the libretti of Boito no doubt did inspire Verdi to new and certain utterance, as the books of Piave and Ghislanzoni had never done.

Those upon whom the Iago's cynical "Credo," or the mock litany in the last act of *Falstaff*, come as an unpleasant surprise, may comfort themselves with the reflection that these are due to Boito, and that Verdi himself cannot have been anything but a good churchman. The Requiem Mass for Manzoni which, coming as it did in 1874, separated *Aida* from *Otello* cannot surely be blamed for any want of sincerity of conviction; when it was first heard, the pundits were a little shocked by its want of conformity to the ideals of sacred music as set forth in the average English anthem, the favourite German oratorios, or the sedate, if sentimental, hymn-tunes that were then in vogue. The liberties taken with certain words, the fact that the two female soloists had to give out the long-drawn phrases of the "Agnus Dei" in octaves without any accompaniment, the circumstances that the sobbing

effect in the "Lacrymosa," and similar details as unimportant, were undoubtedly stumbling-blocks to many who heard the work, at least among English musicians; and it is with a proper shame that some of them now look back upon the time when they considered it as breaking new ground in a wrong direction. The last published work of the master was a set of four sacred pieces, beginning with a curious "Ave Maria," built on a "scala enigmatica," with the semitones between the first and second, sixth and seventh, and seventh and eighth notes, and an augmented second between the second and third notes. In spite of the cleverness with which the scale is harmonised the piece, or rather the four little pieces of which it is composed, can only be considered as a harmonic *tour de force*, of no practical account. The "Stabat Mater" for chorus and orchestra is most expressive, and the "Te Deum" for eight-part choir and orchestra magnificently effective; but the best of the four works is undoubtedly the exquisite setting of Dante's lines, beginning "Vergine Madre, figlia del tuo figlio," for four female voices without accompaniment. Here the truest traditions of Italian church music of the noblest period are admirably kept up, although free harmonic treatment of the present day is not excluded. With such sacred works as these, Verdi may surely be held to have atoned not only for any want of reverence he may have shown in his last two operas, but for the pathetic little instance of childish neglect, when, at seven years old, he was serving the mass at Le Roncole, his native village, and was so lost in wonder at the sound of the organ, which he had never heard before, that he forgot to hand water to the priest, and, after repeated reminders, had to be recalled to his duties by a box on the ear. None who were privileged to meet the composer in his later years, and who remember the extraordinary dignity of his bearing, his commanding presence, with the fire of his eyes lighting up a face that seemed naturally cold and reserved, will find it difficult to believe this or the other stories of his youth, for the serious nature of the child prophesied clearly of the intensity

and dignity which raised him through so many stages from the meanest to the highest styles of musical creation. The best key to his later style, a passage which may serve as a kind of motto of his career, is to be found in a letter written to Florimo in 1871 (printed in Pougin's life, and quoted in many books on Verdi, last of all by the "Ménestrel," under the impression that it is a recent discovery), on the subject of his refusal to be Director of the Naples Conservatorio.¹

I should have desired [he says, speaking of the ideals he would have maintained if he had accepted the post], to put one foot upon the past and the other upon the present and future, for the "music of the future" has no terrors for me. I should have said to my scholars, "Practise fugue steadily and perseveringly, until you have the mere grammar of your art at your finger-ends. You will accustom yourselves in this way to take a firm grasp of your subject; you will acquire a sound, vigorous method of part-writing, and you will learn how to modulate without affectation. Study Palestrina and a few of his contemporaries, then skip to Marcello, and give your special attention to his treatment of recitative. Go now and then to performances of modern operas, but do not allow yourselves to be dazzled by their harmonic and orchestral brilliancy. Do not be led astray either by the chord of the diminished seventh, which is the curse of modern music. Many of our composers cannot write four bars without using it half a dozen times. Do not neglect your literary studies. No composer is worth his salt who is not at the same time a man of wide culture.

The same letter concludes with the famous phrase, so often quoted, "Return to the antique and it will be an advance."
"Torniamo all' antico."

J. A. FULLER-MAITLAND.

¹ I quote from the translation of the letter given in Streatfeild's "Masters of Italian Music."

A STUDY AT TOLEDO

AN entry in the books of the church of Santo Tomé at Toledo, recently discovered, tells us that Domenico Theotocopuli died on April 7, 1614, and was buried in the church of Santo Domingo el Antiguo: "En siete del Abril 1614, falescio Dominico Greco. No hizo testamento, recibio los sacramentos, enterose en Santo Domingo el Antiguo. Dio velas." The signature to a picture in the Escorial tells us that he came from Crete. We do not know the date of his birth; we are told that he studied at Venice under Titian; the earliest date which connects him with Toledo is 1577, when the chapter of the cathedral ordered from him the "Disrobing of Christ," now in the sacristy. He is said to have been not only a painter, a sculptor, and an architect, but to have written on art and philosophy; he was a fierce litigant on behalf of his art and his own dignity as an artist; we are told of his petulance in speech, as in the assertion that Michael Angelo could not paint; there are legends of his pride, ostentation, and deliberate eccentricity, of his wealth, of his supposed madness; Gongora wrote a sonnet on his death, and Felix de Artiaga two sonnets on his own portrait and on the monument to Queen Margarita. The poet addresses him as "Divino Griego" and "Milagro Griego;" but the name by which he was generally known is the half Spanish, half Italian name, El Greco. One of the most original painters who ever lived, he was almost forgotten until the present century; the unauthenticated story of his madness

is still commonly repeated, not only by the sacristans of Toledo, and it is only quite lately that there has been any attempt to take him seriously, to consider his real position in the history of art and his real value as a painter. What follows is a personal impression of those aspects of his work and temperament which I was able to note for myself in a careful study of his pictures in Spain, and chiefly of those at Toledo and Madrid.

Theotocopuli seems to have discovered art over again for himself, and in a way which will suggest their varying ways to some of the most typical modern painters. And, indeed, I think he did discover his art over again from the beginning, setting himself to the problem of the representation of life and vision, of the real world and the spiritual world, as if no one had ever painted before. Perhaps it is rather, as the legends tell us, with an only too jealous consciousness of what had been done, and especially by Titian, whose pupil he is said to have been, and whose work his earliest pictures done in Spain are said to have resembled so closely that the one might actually have been mistaken for the other. Real originality is often deliberate originality, and though the story is scarcely true, and though it was no doubt Tintoretto and not Titian whom he studied under, I should have seen no injustice to Theotocopuli in accepting the story. When it means chiefly is, that he saw a problem before him, considered it carefully on every side, and found out for himself what was his own way of solving it.

He goes back, then, frankly, to first principles: how one personally sees colour, form, the way in which one remembers expression, one's own natural way of looking at things. And he chooses, out of all the world of colour, those five which we see on his palette in his portrait of himself at Seville, white, vermilion, lake, yellow ochre, and ivory black, with, here as elsewhere, a careful limitation of himself to what he has chosen naturally out of the things open to his choice: style, that is, sternly apprehended as the man.

And he has come, we may suppose, to look on human things somewhat austere, with a certain contempt for the facile joys

and fresh carnations of life, as he has for the poses and colours of those painters of life who have seen life differently; for, even, Titian's luxurious loitering beside sumptuous flesh in pleasant gardens, and for the voluptuous joy of his colour. He wants to express another kind of world, in which life is chilled into a continual proud meditation, in which thought is more than action, and in which the flesh is but little indulged. He sees almost the spiritual body, in his search beyond the mere humanity of white and red, the world's part of coloured dresses, the attitudes of the sensual life. Emotion is somewhat dried out of him, and he intellectualises the warmth of life until it becomes at times the spectre of a thought, which has taken visible form, somewhat alarmingly.

And Toledo, too, has had its influence upon him, an influence scarcely to be exaggerated in the formation of his mind. Theotocopuli, it seems to me, is not to be understood apart from Toledo, the place to which a natural affinity brought him, the place which was waiting to develop just his particular originality. Toledo is one of the most individual cities in Europe. It is set on a high and bare rock, above a river broken by sounding weirs, in the midst of a sombre and rocky land. With its high, windowless walls, which keep their own secrets, its ascents and descents through narrow passage-ways between miles of twisting grey stone, it seems to be encrusted upon the rock, like a fantastic natural product; and it is at the same time a museum of all the arts which have left their mark upon Europe. Almost the best Moorish art is to be seen there, mingled with much excellent Christian art; and the mingling, in this strange place, which has kept its Arab virginity while accepting every ornament which its Christian conquerors have offered it, is for once perfectly successful. Winter and summer fall upon it, set thus naked on a high rock, with all their violence; even in spring the white streets burn like furnaces, wherever a little space is left unshaded; the air is parching, the dust rises in a fine white cloud. Walk long enough, down descending paths, until you hear the sound

of rushing water, and you come out on a crumbling edge of land, going down precipitously, with its cargo of refuse, into the Tagus, or upon one of the sharply turning roads which lead downwards in a series of inclined planes. On the other side of the ravine another hill rises, here abrupt grey rock, there shaded to an infinitely faint green, which covers the grey rock like a transparent garment. Every turn, which leads you to the surprise of the precipice, has its own surprise for you; there seem to be more churches than houses, and every church has its own originality, or it may be, its own series of originalities. If it had none of its churches, if it were a mere huddle of white and windowless Arab houses, like Elche, which it somewhat resembles, Toledo would still be, from its mere poise there on its desert rock, one of the most picturesque places in Spain. As it is, every stone which goes to make its strange, penetrating originality of aspect, has its history and possesses its own various beauty. To Theotocopuli, coming to this austere and chill and burning city of living rock from the languid waters of Venice, a new world was opened, the world of what is most essentially and yet exceptionally Spanish, as it can appeal, with all its strength, only to strangers. Toledo made Theotocopuli Spanish, more Spanish than the Spaniards.

And Toledo was surely not without its influence in the suggestion of that new system of colour, teaching him, as it certainly would, to appreciate colour in what is cold, grey, austere, without luxuriance or visible brightness. The colour of Toledo is marvellously sharp and dim at once, with an incomparable richness in all the shades to which stone can lend itself under weather, and in sun and shadow; it is a colour violently repressed, a thing to be divined, waited upon, seen with intelligence. It is amply defended against indifferent eyes: it shocks, and is subtle, two defences; but there it is, the colour of Theotocopuli.

In the Museo Provincial there is a bird's-eye view of Toledo by Theotocopuli which is the most fantastic landscape I have ever seen, like a glimpse of country seen in a nightmare, and

yet, somehow, very like the real Toledo. It is done with a sweeping brush, with mere indications, in these bluish white houses which rush headlong down hill and struggle wildly uphill, from the phantom Tagus below to the rushing storm-sky above. The general tone is pale earthy green, colouring the hills on which the city rests, and intersecting the streets of pale houses, and running almost without a break into the costume of the youth in the foreground, who holds a map of the city in his hands, filling a huge space of the picture. Toledo itself is grey and green, especially as night comes on over the country, and the rocks and fields colour faintly under the sunset, the severity of their beauty a little softened by a natural effect which is like an effect in painting. It is just the effect of this phantasmal landscape; and, here again, all Toledo is in the work of Theotocopuli, and his work all Toledo. Coming out from seeing his pictures in some vast, old, yellow church, into these never quite natural or lifelike streets, where blind beggars play exquisitely on their guitars in the shadow of a doorway, and children go barefoot, with flowers in their mouths, leading pet lambs, I seem to find his models everywhere: these dark peasants with their sympathetic and bright seriousness, the women who wear his colours, the men who sit in the cafés with exactly that lean diminishing outline of face and beard, that sallow skin, and those fixed eyes.

In his portraits, as we see them for the most part in the Prado at Madrid, there is a certain subdued ecstasy, purely ascetic, and purely temperamental in its asceticism, as of a fine Toledo blade, wearing out its scabbard through the mere sharpness of inaction. There is a kind of family likeness, a likeness, too, with his own face, in these portraits of Spanish gentlemen, in the black clothes and enveloping white ruff of the period: the lean face, pointed beard, deep eyes, thin hair, olive skin, the look of melancholy pride. Seen at a little distance, the black clothes disappear into the black background; nothing is seen but the eager face starting out of the white ruff, like a decapitated head seen in a dream. Their faces are

all nerves, distinguished nerves, quieted by an effort, the faces of dreamers in action; they have all the brooding Spanish soul, with its proud self-repression. And they live with an eager, remote, perfectly well-bred life, as of people who could never be taken unawares, in a vulgar or trivial moment. In their tense, intellectual aspect there is all the romantic sobriety of the frugal Spanish nature.

Look for instance at the portrait of the man with a sword, his hand laid across his breast with a gesture of the same curious fixity as the eyes. Compare this portrait with the fine portrait by the pupil of Theotocopuli, Luis Tristan, through whom we are supposed to reach Velasquez. In Tristan there is more realism, a more normal flesh; there is none of that spiritual delicacy, by which the colours of the flesh are dimmed, as if refined away by the fretting and consuming spirit. In the portrait by Theotocopuli, the light falls whitely upon the man's forehead, isolating him within a visionary atmosphere, in which he lives the mysterious life of a portrait. He exists there, as if sucked out of the darkness by the pale light which illuminates his forehead, a soul and a gesture, a secret soul and a repressive gesture.

And these portraits are painted with all the economical modern mastery of means, with almost as black and hard an outline as Manet, with strong shadows and significant indications of outline, with rapid suppressions, translations of colour by colour, decomposition of tones, as in the beautiful lilacs of the white flesh. Individuality is pushed to a mannerism, but it is a mannerism which renders a very select and vivid aspect of natural truth, and with a virile and singular kind of beauty.

In the earliest pictures painted under the influence of the Venetian painters, as in the "Disrobing of Christ" in the sacristy of the cathedral at Toledo, there is a perfect mastery of form and colour, as the Venetians understood them; the composition is well balanced, sober, without extravagance. In the "Assumption of the Virgin," over the high altar of Santo Domingo el Antiguo, there is just a suggestion of the hard

black and white of the later manner, but for the most part it is painted flowingly, with a vigour always conscious of tradition. A Virgin of splendid humanity reminds me of one of the finest of Alonso Cano's wooden statues. The somewhat fiercely meditative saints in the side panels are at once Spanish and Italian; Italian by their formal qualities of painting, certainly Spanish by an intensity of religious ardour which recalls and excels Zurbaran. In the "Adoration of the Shepherds" and the "Resurrection," in the same church, we see already sharp darknesses of colour, an earthy pallor of flesh, a sort of turbulence flushing out of the night of a black background. In the latter picture there is on one side a priest, finely and soberly painted in his vestments of white and pale gold; and, on the other, almost Blake-like figures asleep in attitudes of violent repose, or rising suddenly with hands held up against the dazzling light which breaks from the rising Saviour. But it is in the "Martyrdom of S. Maurizio," ordered by Philip II. as an altar-piece for the Escorial, and refused by him when it had been painted, that we see the complete abandonment of warm for cold colouring, the first definite search for a wholly personal manner. Is it that he has not yet assimilated his new manner? for the picture seems to me a sort of challenge to himself and to his critics, an experiment done too consciously to be quite sincere or quite successful. There is a wild kind of beauty, harshly and deliberately unsympathetic, in this turbulent angelic host, these figures of arbitrary height, placed strangely, their anatomy so carefully outlined under clinging draperies of crude blues and yellows, their skin turned livid under some ghastly supernatural light. In another picture painted for the Escorial, and now to be seen there, the "Dream of Philip II.," there is a hell which suggests the fierce material hells of Hieronymus van Bosch: a huge, fanged mouth wide open, the damned seen writhing in that red cavern, a lake of flame awaiting them beyond, while angels fly overhead, sainted persons in rich ecclesiastical vestments kneel below, and the king, dressed in black, kneels at the side. It is almost a vision

of madness, and is as if the tormented brain of the fanatic who built those prison walls about himself, and shut himself living into a tomb-like cell, and dead into a not more tomb-like niche in a crypt, had wrought itself into the brain of the painter; who would indeed have found something not uncongenial to himself in this mountainous place of dust and grey granite, in which every line is rigid, every colour ashen, in a kind of stony immobility more terrible than any other of the images of death.

It was only three years after the painting of the "Martyrdom of S. Maurizio" that Theotocopuli painted his masterpiece, the "Burial of the Conde de Orgaz," which was ordered by the Archbishop of Toledo for the tomb, in the church of Santo Tomé, of Gonzalo Ruiz de Toledo, Conde de Orgaz, who had died in the thirteenth century. The picture is still to be seen there, in its corner of the little white mosque-like church, where one comes upon it with a curious sensation of surprise, for it is at once as real and as ghostly as a dream, and it reminds one of nothing one has ever seen before. The picture, as it takes hold upon one, first of all, by a scheme of colour as startling as the harmonies of Wagner in music, seems to have been thought out by a brain for once wholly original, in forgetfulness of all that had ever been done in painting. Is it that reality, and the embodied forms of the imagination, have been seen thus, at a fixed angle, instinctively and deliberately, for a picture, by an artist to whom all life is the escaping ghost of art? Certainly its austerity, its spiritual realism, its originality of composition, so simple as to be startling, and of colour, the reticence of a passionate abnegation; the tenderness of the outlines of the drooping dead body, in its rich armour; the masculine seriousness in all the faces, each of which is like one of the portraits in the Prado, and with all their subtlety, make the picture one of the masterpieces of painting. The upper part is a celestial company, arranged so as to drift like a canopy over the death-scene below; and these angels are painted in swift outline, their blue and yellow draperies sweeping the

vehement clouds. Below, where the warrior is dying, and his friends, with their distinguished Castillian faces, their black clothes which sink into the shadow, the white ruffs about their thin faces and pointed beards standing out startlingly, crowd about him, we have the real world, in all the emphasis of its contrast to the spiritual world. Every face lives its own life, there on the canvas, assisting at this death as an actual spectator, thinking of this and of other things, not as a merely useful part of a composition. And the beauty of beautiful things is nowhere neglected: the fine armour, the golden and embroidered vestments of the bishop, the transparent white linen of the surplice worn by the tall man in the foreground, the gracious charm of the young priest who stoops over the dying man. The chief indication of what is to be the extravagant later manner comes out in the painting of the hands, with their sharp, pained gesticulation, to which nature is a little sacrificed. They must exclaim, in their gesture.

Madness, it has commonly been supposed, and will still be told you by all the sacristans of Toledo; a disease of the eye, as it is now thought; mere insistent and defiant originality of search after what was new and powerfully expressive, as it may well have been; something, certainly, before long set Theotocopuli "*chevauchant hors du possible*," as Gautier puts it, in those amazing pictures by which he is chiefly known, the religious pictures in the Prado at Madrid, in the churches and the Hospital a fuera at Toledo, and in some galleries and private collections outside Spain. In the immense retable of Santa Clara, with its six large and four small panels, its gilded and painted statues, the sombre splendour of colour begins to darken, that it may be the more austere; the forms and faces, so vigorous in St. Jerome, so beautiful in St. Anne, begin to harden a little; but as yet leanness has not eaten up all, nor a devouring energy consumed away the incidents of the drama into a kind of spectral reflection of it. In the "Dead Christ in the arms of God the Father," in the Prado, energy has grown eager and restless, as the divine persons are

seen couched upon rolling white clouds, while a burst of golden sunlight blazes upon the great white wings of God. In the "Ascension" near it, where Christ floats upwards, carrying a white banner, while the soldiers fall about his feet, throwing their arms and swords wildly into the air, the lights seem to hurtle to and fro, catching the tips of noses, the points of knees, the hollows of breast-bones, in a waste of clouds and smoke. In the "Baptism of Christ," the anatomies grow bonier than ever, more violently distorted by shadows, as a green and blue flood pours out angels like foam about the feet of God the Father. There is a "Crucifixion" as if seen by lightning-flashes, against a sky crackling with flames, while a poisonous green light flashes upon the tormented figures below. The hollow anatomy of Christ turns livid, the little angels who flutter about the cross are shadowed by the same spectral light, which sickens their wings to green; another angel, at the foot of the cross, is coloured like the gold heart and green leaves of a crocus. This angel catches the blood dripping from the feet of Christ in a handkerchief, the Magdalen kneels beside him, holding up another handkerchief to catch the blood; the other angels catch in their hands the blood dripping from the hands and side of Christ. In this picture all the extravagances of Spanish painting are outdone; but without a trace of affectation. All these emblematical details are like things seen, in a fury of vision, by one to whom sight is a disease of the imagination. In an "Assumption of the Virgin" in S. Vicente at Toledo, the whole landscape seems on fire, with flames of more than sunset, as an angel in a pale saffron robe bears up the feet of the Virgin, one gorgeous wing of ruddy brown spread out across the sky, while flame-winged angels surround her, one playing languidly upon a 'cello. And this surging tumult of colour, wild, sensitive, eloquent, seems to speak a new language, with vehement imperfection. Here, as in the "Baptism" in the Hospital a fuera, in which earnestness has become a kind of dementia, there is some of the beauty of an extravagant natural thing, of a stormy and incoherent sunset.

It is as if a painter had tried to embody such a sunset, creating fantastic figures to translate the suggestion of its outlines.

And so Theotocopuli ends, in that exaggeration of himself which has overtaken so many of those artists who have cared more for energy than for beauty. His palette is still the limited, cold palette which we have seen in the hands of his portrait at Seville, but colour seems to chafe against restraint, and so leap more wildly within its limits. The influence of Tintoretto is after all unforgotten, though it is seen now in a kind of parody of itself. Lines lengthen and harden, as men seem to grow into trees, ridged and gnarled with strange accidents of growth. That spiritual body which he has sought for the reticent souls of his portraits becomes a stained, earthy thing which has known corruption. No longer, at all equably, master of himself or of his vision, he allows his skill of hand to become narrow, fanatical; and, in his last pictures, seems rather an angry prophet, denouncing humanity, than a painter, faithful to the beauty and expressiveness of natural things.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

A READING OF LIFE

I

THE VITAL CHOICE

OR shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?

Both are mighty;

Both give bliss;

Each can torture if derided;

Each claims worship undivided,

In her wake would have us wallow.

Youth must render on bent knees

Homage unto one or other;

Earth, the Mother,

This decrees:

And unto the pallid Scyther,

Either points us, shun we either;

Shun or too devoutly follow.

II

THE TEST OF MANHOOD

LIKE a flood river whirled at rocky banks,
An army issues out of wilderness,
With battle plucking round its ragged flanks ;
Obstruction in the van ; insane excess
Oft at the heart ; yet hard the onward stress
Unto more spacious, where move ordered ranks,
And rise hushed temples built of shapely stone,
The work of hands not bent to grind or slay.
They gave our earth a dress of flesh on bone ;
A tongue to speak with answering heaven gave they.
Then was the gracious birth of man's new day ;
Divided from the haunted night it shone.

That quiet dawn was Reverence ; whereof sprang
Ethereal Beauty in full morningtide.
Another sun had risen to clasp his bride ;
It was another earth unto him sang.

Came Reverence from the Huntress on her heights ?
From the Persuader came it, in those vales

Whereunto she melodiously invites,
Her troops of eager servitors regales ?
Not far those two great Powers of Nature speed
Disciple steps on earth when sole they lead,
Nor either points for us the way of flame.
From him predestined mightier it came ;
His task to hold them both in breast, and yield
Their dues to each, and of their war be field.
The foes that in repulsion never ceased,
Must he, who once had been the goodly beast
Of one or other, at whose beck he ran,
Constrain to make him serviceable man :
Offending neither, nor the natural claim
Each pressed, denying, for his true man's name.

Ah, what a sweat of anguish in that strife
To hold them fast conjoined within him still ;
Submissive to his will
Along the road of life !
And marvel not he wavered if at whiles
The forward step met frowns, the backward smiles.
For Pleasure witched him her sweet cup to drain ;
Repentance offered ecstasy in pain ;
Delicious licence called it Nature's cry ;
Ascetic rigours crushed the fleshly sigh :
As step on shingle timed his lame advance.
Flung as the die of Bacchanalian chance,
He of the troubled marching army leaned
On godhead visible, on godhead screened ;

The radiant roseate, the curtained white ;
Yet sharp his battle strained through day, through night

He drank of fictions, till celestial aid
Might seem accorded when he fawned and prayed ;
Sagely the generous Giver circumspect
To choose for grants the egregious, his elect ;
And ever that imagined succour slew
The soul of brotherhood whence Reverence drew.

In fellowship religion has its founts :
The solitary his own God reveres :
Ascend no sacred Mounts
Our hunger or our fears.
As only for the numbers Nature's care
Is shown, and she the personal nothing heeds,
So to Divinity the spring of prayer
From brotherhood the one way upward leads.
Like the sustaining air
Are both for flowers and weeds.
But he who claims in spirit to be flower,
Will find them both an air that doth devour.

Whereby he smelt his treason, who implored
External gifts bestowed but on the sword ;

Beheld himself, with less and less disguise,
Through those blood-cataracts which dimmed his eyes,
His army's foe, condemned to strive and fail ;
See a black adversary's ghost prevail ;
Never, though triumphs hailed him, hope to win
While still the conflict tore his breast within.

Out of that agony, misread for those
Imprisoned Powers warring unappeased,
The ghost of his black adversary rose,
To smother light, shut heaven, show earth diseased.
And long with him was wrestling ere emerged
A mind to read in him the reflex shade
Or its fierce torment ; this way, that way urged ;
By craven compromises hourly swayed.

Crouched as a nestling, still its wings untried,
The man's mind opened under weight of cloud.
To penetrate the dark was it endowed ;
Stood day before a vision shooting wide.
Whereat the spectral enemy lost form ;
The traversed wilderness exposed its track ;
He felt the far advance in looking back ;
Thence trust in his foot forward through the storm.

But when the mind, the cherishable mind,
The multitude's grave shepherd, took full flight,

Himself as mirror raised among his kind,
He saw, and first of brotherhood had sight :
Knew that his force to fly, his will to see,
His heart enlarged beyond his ribbed domain,
Had come of many a grip in mastery,
Which held conjoined the hostile rival twain ;
And of his bosom made him lord, to keep
The starry roof of his unruffled frame
Awake to earth, to heaven, and plumb the deep
Below, above, aye with a wistful aim.

The mastering mind in him, by tempests blown,
By traitor inmates baited, upward burned ;
Perforce of growth, the Master Mind discerned ;
The great Unseen, nowise the dark Unknown.
To whom unwittingly did he aspire
In wilderness, where bitter was his need :
To whom in blindness, as an earthy seed
For light and air, he struck through crimson mire.
But not ere he upheld a forehead lamp,
And viewed an army, once the seeming doomed,
All choral in its fruitful garden camp,
The spiritual, the palpable illumed.

This gift of penetration and embrace,
His prize from constant battles lost and won,

Reveals the scheme to animate his race :
How that it is a warfare but begun ;
Unending ; with no Power to interpose ;
No prayer, save for strength to keep his ground,
Heard of the Highest ; never battle's close,
The victory complete and victor crowned :
Nor solace in defeat, save from that sense
Of strength well spent, which is the strength renewed.
In manhood must he find his competence ;
In his clear mind the spiritual food :
God being there while he his fight maintains ;
Throughout his mind the Master Mind being there,
While he rejects the suicide despair ;
Accepts the spur of explicable pains ;
Obedient to nature, not her slave :
Her lord, if to her rigid laws he bows ;
Her dust, if with his conscience he plays knave,
And bids the passions on the Pleasures browse :—
Whence Evil in a world unread before ;
That Mystery to simple springs resolved.
His God the known, diviner to adore,
Shows Nature's savage riddles kindly solved.
Inconscient, insensitive, she reigns
In iron laws, though rapturous fair her face.
Back to the primal brute shall he retrace
His path, doth he permit to force her chains
A soft Persuader coursing through his veins,
An icy Huntress stringing to the chase :
What one the flesh disdains ;
What one so gives it grace.

But is he rightly manful in her eyes,
A splendid bloodless knight to gain the skies,
A blood-hot son of earth by all her signs,
Desiring and desirable he shines ;
As peaches that have caught the sun's uprise,
And kissed warm gold till noonday, even as vines.
Earth fills him with her juices, without fear
That she will cast him drunken down the steeps.
All woman is she to this man most dear ;
He sows for bread, and she in spirit reaps :
She conscient, she sensitive in him :
With him enwound, his brave ambition hers ;
By him humaner made ; by his keen spurs
Pricked to race past her pride in giant limb,
Her crazy adoration of big thews,
Proud in her primal sons, when crags they hurled,
Were thunder spitting lightnings on the world
In daily seeds, and she their evening Muse.

'This man, this hero, works not to destroy ;
This godlike—as the rock in ocean stands—;
He of the myriad eyes, the myriad hands
Creative, in his edifice has joy.
How strength may serve for purity is shown
When he himself can scourge to make it clean.
Withal his pitch of pride would not disown
A sober world that walks the balanced mean
Between its tempters, rarely overthrown :
And such at times his army's march has been.

Near is he to great Nature in the thought
Each changing season intimately saith,
That nought save apparition knows the death ;
To the God-lighted mind of man 'tis nought.
Close on the heart of Earth his bosom beats,
When he the mandate lodged in it obeys,
Content to breast a future clothed in haze,
Strike camp, and onward, like the wind's cloud-fleets.

No miracle the shoot of wheat from clod,
She knows, nor growth of man in grisly brute ;
But he, the flower at head and soil at root,
Is miracle, guides he the brute to God.
And that way seems he bound ; that way the road,
With his dark-lantern mind, unled, alone,
Wearifully through forest-tracts unsown,
He travels, urged by some internal goad.

Dares he behold the thing he is, what thing
He would become is in his mind its child,
And stirs, demanding birth to light and wing ;
For battle prompt, by pleasure unbeguiled.
So moves he forth in faith, if he has made
His mind God's temple, dedicate to truth.
Earth's nourishing delights, no more gainsaid,
He tastes as doth the bridegroom rich in youth.

Then knows he Love, that beckons and controls ;
The star of sky upon his footway cast :
Then match in him, who holds his tempters fast,
The body's love and mind's, whereof the soul's.
Then Earth her man for woman finds at last,
To speed the pair until her goal of goals.

Or is't the widowed's dream of her new mate ?
Seen has she virulent times of heat in flood ;
The sly Persuader snaky in his blood ;
With her the barren Huntress alternate ;
His rough refractory off on kicking heels
To rear ; the man dragged rearward, shamed, amazed ;
And as a torrent stream where cattle grazed,
His tumbled world. What, then, the faith she feels ?

'Tis that in each recovery he preserves,
Between his upper and his nether wit,
Sense of his march ahead, more brightly lit ;
He less the shaken thing of lusts and nerves ;
With such a grasp upon his brute as tells
Of wisdom from that vile relapsing spun.
A sun goes down in wasted fire, a sun
Resplendent springs, to faith refreshed compels.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

TRISTRAM OF BLENT

By Anthony Hope

CHAPTER XIV

THE VERY SAME DAY

"**S**HALL I wait up, my lord? Miss Gainsborough has gone to her room. I've turned out the lights and shut up the house."

Harry looked at the clock in the study. It was one o'clock.

"I thought you'd gone to bed long ago, Mason." He rose and stretched himself. "I'm going to town early in the morning. I shan't want any breakfast and I shan't take anybody with me. Tell Fisher to pack my portmanteau—things for a few days—and send it to Paddington. I'll have it fetched from there. Tell him to be ready to follow me, if I send for him."

"Yes, my lord."

"Give that letter to Miss Gainsborough in the morning." He handed Mason a thick letter. Two others lay on the table. After a moment's apparent hesitation Harry put them in his pocket. "I'll post them myself," he said. "When did Miss Gainsborough go to her room?"

"About an hour back, my lord."

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"Did she stay in the Long Gallery till then?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I may be away a little while, Mason. I hope Miss Gainsborough—and Mr. Gainsborough too—will be staying on some time. Make them comfortable."

Not a sign of curiosity or surprise escaped Mason. His "Yes, my lord," was just the same as though Harry had ordered an egg for breakfast. Sudden comings and goings had always been the fashion of the house.

"All right. Good-night, Mason."

"Good-night, my lord." Mason looked round for something to carry off—the force of habit—found nothing, and retired noiselessly.

"One o'clock!" sighed Harry. "Ah, I'm tired. I won't go to bed though, I couldn't sleep."

He moved restlessly about the room. His flood of feeling had gone by; for the time the power of thought too seemed to have deserted him. He had told Cecily everything; he had told Janie enough; he had yielded to an impulse to write a line to Mina Zabriska—because she had been so mixed up in it all. The documents that were to have proved his claim made a little heap of ashes in the grate.

All this had been two hours' hard work. But after all two hours is not long to spend in getting rid of an old life and entering on a new. He found himself rather surprised at the simplicity of the process. What was there left to do? He had only to go to London and see his lawyer—an interview easy enough for him, though startling no doubt to the lawyer. Cecily would be put into possession of her own. There was nothing sensational. He would travel a bit perhaps, or just stay in town. He had money enough to live on quietly or to use in making more; for his mother's savings were indubitably his, left to him by a will in which he, the real Harry, was so expressly designated by his own full name—even more than that—as "Henry Austen Fitzhubert Tristram, otherwise Henry Austen Fitzhubert, my son by the late Captain Austen Fitz-

hubert"—that no question of his right could arise. That money would not go with the title. Only Blent and all the realty passed with that; the money was not affected by the date of his birth; that must be explained to Cecily by his lawyer or perhaps she would expect to get it. For the moment there was nothing to do but to go to London—and then perhaps travel a bit. He smiled for an instant; it certainly struck him as rather an anti-climax. He threw himself on a sofa and, in spite of his conviction that he could not sleep, dozed off almost directly.

It was three when he awoke; he went up to his room, had a bath, shaved, and put on a tweed suit. Coming down to the study again, he opened the shutters and looked out. It would be light soon, and he could go away. He was fretfully impatient of staying. He drank some whisky and soda-water, and smoked a cigar as he walked up and down. Yes, there were signs of dawn now; the darkness lifted over the hill on which Merrion stood.

Merrion! Yes, Merrion. And the Major? Well, Duplay had not frightened him, Duplay had not turned him out. He was going of his own will—of his own act anyhow, for he could not feel so sure about the will. But for the first time it struck him that his abdication might accrue to the Major's benefit, that he had won for Duplay the prize which he was sure the gallant officer could not have achieved for himself. "I'll be hanged if I do that," he muttered. "Yes, I know what I'll do," he added, smiling.

He got his hat and stick and went out into the garden. The windows of the Long Gallery were all dark. Harry smiled again and shook his fist at them. There was no light in Cecily's window. He was glad to think that the girl slept; if he were tired she must be terribly tired too. He was quite alone—alone with the old place for the last time. He walked to where he had sat with Cecily, where his mother used to sit. He was easy in his mind about his mother. When she had wanted him to keep the house and the name, she had no idea

of the true state of the case. And in fact she herself had done it all by requesting him to invite the Gainsboroughs to her funeral. That was proof enough that he had not wronged her; in the mood he was in it seemed quite proof enough. Realities were still a little dim to him, and fancies rather real. His outward calmness of manner had returned, but his mind was not in a normal state. Still, he was awake enough to the every-day world and to his ordinary feelings to remain very eager that his sacrifice should not turn to the Major's good.

He started at a brisk walk to the little bridge, reached the middle of it, and stopped short. The talk he had had with Mina Zabriská at this very spot came back into his mind. "The Blood, not the Law!" he had said. Well, it was to the Blood he had bowed and not to the Law. He was strong about not having been frightened by the Law. Nor had he been dispossessed; he insisted on that too. He had given; he had chosen to give. He made a movement as though to walk on, but for a moment he could not. When it came to going, for an instant he could not go. The parting was difficult. He had no discontent with what he had done; on the whole it seemed far easier than he could ever have imagined. But it was hard to go, to leave Blent just as the slowly growing day brought into sight every outline that he knew so well and began to warm the gardens into life. "I should rather like to stay a day," was his thought, as he lingered still. But the next moment he was across the bridge, slamming the gate behind him and beginning to mount the road up the valley. He had heard a shutter thrown open and a window raised; the sound came from the wing where Cecily slept. He did not want to see her now; he did not wish her to see him. She was to awake to undivided possession, free from any reminder of him. That was his fancy, his idea of making his gift to her of what was hers more splendid and more complete. But she did see him; she watched him from her window as he walked away up the valley. He did not know; true to his fancy, he never turned his head.

Bob Broadley was an early riser, as his business in life demanded. At six o'clock he was breakfasting in a little room opening on his garden. He was in the middle of his rasher when a shadow fell across his plate. Looking up, he started to see Harry Tristram at the doorway.

"Lord Tristram!" he exclaimed.

"You've called me Tristram all your life. I should think you might still," observed Harry.

"Oh, all right. But what brings you here? These aren't generally your hours, are they?"

"Perhaps not. May I have some breakfast?"

The maid was summoned and brought him what he asked. She nearly dropped the cup and saucer when she realised that the Great Man was there—at six in the morning!

"I'm on my way to London," said Harry. "Going to take the train at Fillingford instead of Blentmouth, because I wanted to drop in on you. I've something to say."

"I expect I've heard. It's very kind of you to come, but I saw Janie Iver in Blentmouth yesterday."

"I daresay; but she didn't tell you what I'm going to."

Harry, having made but a pretence of breakfasting, pushed away his plate. "I'll smoke if you don't mind. You go on eating," he said. "Do you remember a little talk we had about our friend Duplay? We agreed that we should both like to put a spoke in his wheel."

"And you've done it," said Bob, reaching for his pipe from the mantelpiece.

"I did do it. I can't do it any more. You know there were certain reasons which made a marriage between Janie Iver and me seem desirable? I'm saying nothing against her, and I don't intend to say a word against myself. Well, those reasons no longer exist. I have written to her to say so. She'll get that letter this afternoon."

"You've written to break off the engagement?" Bob spoke slowly and thoughtfully, but with no great surprise.

"Yes. She accepted me under a serious misapprehension.

When I asked her I was in a position to which I had no——” He interrupted himself, frowning a little. Not even now was he ready to say that. “In a position which I no longer occupy,” he amended, recovering his placidity. “All the world will know that very soon. I am no longer owner of Blent.”

“What?” cried Bob, jumping up and looking hard at Harry. The surprise came now.

“And I am no longer what you called me just now—Lord Tristram. You know the law about succeeding to peerages and entailed lands? Very well! My birth has been discovered”—he smiled for an instant—“not to satisfy that law—the merits of which, Bob, we won’t discuss. Consequently not I, but Miss Gainsborough succeeds my mother in the title and the property. I have informed Miss Gainsborough—I ought to say Lady Tristram—of these facts, and I’m on my way to London to see the lawyers and get everything done in proper order.”

“Good God, do you mean what you say?”

“Oh, of course I do. Do you take me for an idiot, to come up here at six in the morning to talk balderdash?” Harry was obviously irritated. “Everybody will know soon. I came to tell you because I fancy you’ve some concern in it, and, as I say, I still want that spoke put in the Major’s wheel.”

Bob sat down and was silent for many moments, smoking hard.

“But Janie won’t do that,” he broke out at last. “She’s too straight, too loyal. If she’s accepted you——”

“A beautiful idea, Bob, if she was in love with me. But she isn’t. Can you tell me you think she is?”

Bob grunted inarticulately—an obvious, though not a skilful, evasion of the question.

“And anyhow,” Harry pursued, “the thing’s at an end. I shan’t marry her. Now if that suggests any action on your part I—well, I shall be glad I came to breakfast.” He got up

and went to the window looking out on the neat little garden and to the paddock beyond.

In a moment Bob Broadley's hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned and faced him.

"What a thing for you! You—you lose it all?"

"I have given it all up."

"I can't realise it, you know. The change——"

"Perhaps I can't either. I don't know that I want to, Bob."

"Who made the discovery? How did it come out? Nobody ever had any suspicion of it!"

Harry looked at him long and thoughtfully. But in the end he only shook his head, saying, "Well, it's true, anyhow."

"It beats me. I see what you mean about myself and—Still I give you my word I hate its happening. Who's this girl? Why is she to come here? Who knows anything about her?"

"You don't, of course," Harry conceded with a smile. "No more did I a week ago."

"Couldn't you have made a fight for it?"

"Yes, a deuced good fight. But I chose to let it go. Now don't go on looking as if you didn't understand the thing. It's simple enough."

"But Lady Tristram—your mother—must have known——"

"The question didn't arise as long as my mother lived," said Harry quickly. "Her title was all right, of course."

There was another question on the tip of Bob's tongue, but after a glance at Harry's face he did not put it; he could not ask Harry if he had known.

"I'm hanged!" he muttered.

"Yes, but you understand why I came here?"

"Yes. That was kind."

"Oh, no. I want to spike the Major's guns, you know." He laughed a little. "And, well, yes, I think I'm promoting the general happiness too, if you must know. Now I'm off, Bob."

He held out his hand and Bob grasped it. "We'll meet again some day, when things have settled down. Beat Duplay for me, Bob. Good-bye."

"That's grit, real grit," muttered Bob as he returned to the house after seeing Harry Tristram on his way.

It was that—or else the intoxication of some influence whose power had not passed away. Whatever it was, it had a marked effect on Bob Broadley. There was an appearance of strength and resolution about it—as of a man knowing what he meant to do and doing it. As he inspected his pigs an hour later, Bob came to the conclusion that he himself was a poor sort of fellow. People who waited for the fruit to fall into their mouths were apt to find that a hand intervened and plucked it. That had happened to him once, and probably he could not have helped it; but he meant to try to prevent its happening again. He was in a ferment all the morning, partly on his own account, as much about the revolution which had suddenly occurred in the little kingdom on the banks of the Blent.

In the afternoon he had his gig brought round and set out for Blentmouth. As he passed Blent Hall he saw a girl on the bridge—a girl in black looking down at the water. Lady Tristram? It was strange to call her by the title that had been another's. But he supposed it must be Lady Tristram. She did not look up as he passed; he retained a vision of the slack dreariness of her pose. Going on, he met the Iver carriage; Iver and Neeld sat in it, side by side; they waved their hands in careless greeting and went on talking earnestly. On the outskirts of the town he came on Miss Swinkerton and Mrs. Trumbler walking together. As he raised his hat a dim and wholly inadequate idea occurred to him of the excitement into which these good ladies would soon be thrown, a foreshadowing of the wonder, the consternation, the questionings, the bubbling emotions which were soon to stir the quiet backwaters of the villas of Blentmouth. For himself, what was he going to do? He could not tell. He put up his gig at the

inn and sauntered out into the street; still he could not tell. But he wandered out to Fairholme, up to the gate, and past it, and back to it, and past it again.

Now would Harry Tristram do that? No; either he would never have come or he would have been inside before this. Bob's new love of boldness did not let him consider whether this was the happiest moment for its display. Those learned in the lore of such matters would probably have advised him to let her alone for a few days, or weeks, or months, according to the subtlety of their knowledge or their views. Bob rang the bell.

Janie was not denied to him, but only because no chance was given to her of denying herself. A footman, unconscious of convulsions external or internal, showed him into the morning-room. But Janie's own attitude was plain enough in her reception of him.

"Oh, Bob, why in the world do you come here to-day? Indeed I can't talk to you to-day." Her dismay was evident. "If there's nothing very particular——"

"Well, you know there is," Bob interrupted.

She turned her head quickly towards him. "I know there is? What do you mean?"

"You've got Harry Tristram's letter, I suppose?"

"What do you know of Harry Tristram's letter?"

"I haven't seen it, but I know what's in it, all the same."

"How do you know?"

"He came up to Mingham to-day and told me." Bob sat down by her, uninvited; certainly the belief in boldness was carrying him far. But he did not quite anticipate the next development. She sprang up, sprang away from his neighbourhood, crying:

"Then how dare you come here to-day? Yes, I've got the letter—just an hour ago. Have you come to—to triumph over me?"

"What an extraordinary idea!" remarked Bob in the slow tones of a genuine astonishment.

"You'd call it to condole, I suppose! That's rather worse."

Bob confined himself to a long look at her. It brought him no enlightenment.

"You must see that you're the very——" She broke off abruptly, and, turning away, began to walk up and down.

"The very what?" asked Bob.

She turned and looked at him; she broke into a peevishly nervous laugh. Anybody but Bob—really anybody but Bob—would have known! The laugh encouraged him a little, which again it had no right to do.

"I thought you'd be in trouble, and like a bit of cheering up," he said with a diplomatic air that was ludicrously obvious.

She considered a moment, taking another turn about the room to do it.

"What did Harry Tristram say to you?"

"Oh, he told me the whole thing. That—that he's chucked it up, you know."

"I mean about me."

"He didn't say much about you. Just that it was all ended, you know."

"Did he think I should accept his withdrawal?"

"Yes, he seemed quite sure of it," answered Bob. "I had my doubts, but he seemed quite sure of it." Apparently Bob considered his statement reassuring and comforting.

"You had your doubts?"

"Yes. I thought perhaps——"

"You were wrong then, and Harry Tristram was right." She flung the words at him in a fierce hostility. "Now he's not Lord Tristram any longer, I don't want to marry him." She paused. "You believe he isn't, don't you? There's no doubt?"

"I believe him all right. He's a fellow you can rely on."

"But it's all so strange. Why has he done it? Well, that doesn't matter. At any rate he's right about me."

Bob sat solidly in his chair. He did not know at all what to say, but he did not mean to go. He had put no spoke in

the Major's wheel yet, and to do that was his contract with Harry Tristram, as well as his own strong desire.

"Have you sympathised—or condoled—or triumphed—enough?" she asked; she was fierce still.

"I don't know that I've had a chance of saying anything much," he observed with some justice.

"I really don't see what you can have to say. What is there to say?"

"Well, there's just this to say—that I'm jolly glad of it."

She was startled by his blunt sincerity, so startled that she passed the obvious chance of accusing him of cruelty towards Harry Tristram, and thought only of how his words touched herself.

"Glad of it! Oh, if you knew how it makes me feel about myself! But you don't, or you'd never be here now."

"Why shouldn't I be here now?" He spoke slowly, as though he were himself searching for any sound reason.

"Oh, it's——" The power of explanation failed her. People who will not see obvious things sometimes hold a very strong position. Janie began to feel rather helpless. "Do go. I don't want anybody to come and find you here." She had turned from command to entreaty.

"I'm jolly glad," he resumed, settling himself back in his chair, "that the business between you and Harry Tristram's all over. It ought never to have gone so far, you know."

"Are you out of your mind to-day, Bob?"

"And now, what about the Major, Miss Janie?"

She flushed red in indignation, perhaps in guilt too. "How dare you? You've no business to——"

"I don't know the right way to say things, I daresay," he admitted, but with an abominable tranquillity. "Still, I expect you know what I mean all the same."

"Do you accuse me of having encouraged Major Duplay?"

"I should say you'd been pretty pleasant to him. But it's not my business to worry myself about Duplay."

"I wish you always understood as well what isn't your business."

"And it isn't what you have done, but what you're going to do that I'm interested in." He paused several moments and then went on very slowly, "I tell you what it is. I'm not very proud of myself. So if you happen to be feeling the same, why, that's all right, Miss Janie. The fact is I let Harry Tristram put me in a funk, you know. He was a swell, and he's got a sort of way about him too. But I'm hanged if I'm going to be in a funk of Duplay." He seemed to ask her approval of the proposed firmness of his attitude. "I've been a bit of an ass about it all, I think," he concluded with an air of thoughtful inquiry.

The opening was irresistible. Janie seized it with impetuous carelessness. "Yes, you have, you have indeed. Only I don't see why you think it's over, I'm sure."

"Well, I'm glad you agree with me," said he. But he seemed now rather uncertain how he ought to go on. "That's what I wanted to say," he added, and looked at her as if he thought she might give him a lead.

The whole thing was preposterous; Janie was bewildered. He had outraged all decency in coming at such a moment and in talking like this. Then, having got (by such utter disregard of all decency) to a point at which he could not possibly stop, he stopped! He even appeared to ask her to go on for him! She stood still in the middle of the room, looking at him as he sat squarely in his chair.

"Since you've said what you wanted to say, I should think you might go."

"Yes, I suppose I might, but——" He was puzzled. He had said what he wanted to say, or thought he had, but it had failed to produce the situation he had anticipated from it. If he went now, leaving matters just as they stood, could he be confident that the spoke was in the wheel? Up to now nothing was really agreed upon except that he himself had been an ass. No doubt this was a pregnant conclusion, but Bob was not quite clear exactly how much it involved; while it encouraged him, it left him still doubtful. "But don't you

think you might tell me what you think about it?" he asked in the end.

"I think I'm not fit to live," cried Janie. "That's what I think about it, Bob." Her voice trembled; she was afraid she might cry soon if something did not happen to relieve the strain of this interview. "And you saw what Harry thought by his sending me that letter. The very moment it happened he sent me that letter."

"I saw what he thought pretty well, anyhow," said Bob, smiling reflectively again.

"Oh yes, if that makes it any better for me!"

"Well, if he's not miserable, I don't see why you need be."

"The things you don't see would fill an encyclopædia!"

Bob looked at his watch; the action seemed in the nature of an ultimatum. His glance from the watch to Janie heightened the impression.

"You've nothing more to say?" he asked her.

"No. I agreed with what you said—that you'd been—an ass. I don't know that you've said anything else."

"All right." He got up and came to her, holding out his hand. "Good-bye for the present, then."

She took his hand—and she held it. She could not let it go. Bob allowed it to lie in hers.

"Oh, dear old Bob, I'm so miserable; I hate myself for having done it and I hate myself worse for being so glad it's undone. It did seem best till I did it. No, I suppose I really wanted the title and—and all that. I do hate myself! And now—the very same day—I let you——"

"You haven't let me do much," he suggested consolingly.

"Yes, I have. At least——" She came a little nearer to him. He took hold of her other hand. He drew her to him and held her in his arms.

"That's all right," he remarked, still in tones of consolation.

"If anybody knew this! You won't say a word, will you, Bob? Not for ever so long? You will pretend it was ever so long before I—I mean, between——?"

"I'll tell any lie," said Bob very cheerfully.

She laughed hysterically. "Because I should never be able to look people in the face if anybody knew that on the very same day——"

"I should think a—a week would be about right?"

"A week! No, no. Six months."

"Oh, six months be——"

"Well, then, three? Do agree to three."

"We'll think about three. Still miserable, Janie?"

"Yes, still—rather. Now you must go. Fancy if anybody came!"

"All right, I'll go. But, I say, you might just drop a hint to the Major."

"I can't send him another message that I'm—that I've done it again!"

She drew a little away from him. Bob's hearty laugh rang out; his latent sense of humour was touched at the idea of this second communication to the Major. For a moment Janie looked angry, for a moment deeply hurt. Bob laughed still. There was nothing for it but to join in. Her own laugh rang out gaily as he caught her in his arms again and kissed her.

"Oh, if anybody knew!" sighed Janie.

But Bob was full of triumph. The task was done, the spoke was in the wheel. There was an end of the Major as well as of Harry—and an end to his own long and not very hopeful waiting. He kissed his love again.

There was a sudden end to the scene too—startling and sudden. The door of the room opened abruptly, and in the doorway stood Mrs. Iver. Little need to dilate on the situation as it appeared to Mrs. Iver! Had she known the truth, the thing was bad enough. But she knew nothing of Harry Tristram's letter. After a moment of consternation Janie ran to her, crying.

"I'm not engaged any more to Harry Tristram, mother."

Mrs. Iver said nothing. She stood by the open door. There was no mistaking her meaning. With a shame-faced

bow, struggling with an unruly smile, Bob Broadley got through it somehow. Janie was left alone with Mrs. Iver.

* Such occurrences as these are very deplorable. Almost of necessity they impair a daughter's proper position of superiority, and put her in a relation towards her mother which no self-respecting young woman would desire to occupy. It might be weeks before Janie Iver could really assert her dignity again. It was strong proof of her affection for Bob Broadley that, considering the matter in her own room (she had not been exactly sent there, but a retreat had seemed advisable), she came to the conclusion that, taking good and bad together, she was on the whole glad that he had called.

But to Bob, with the selfishness of man, Mrs. Iver's sudden appearance wore rather an amusing aspect. It certainly could not spoil his triumph or impair his happiness.

CHAPTER XV

AN INQUISITION INTERRUPTED

"My mother told it me just as a bit of gossip. She didn't believe it, no more did I."

"But you repeated it."

It was Iver who was pressing her. He was not now the kind host Mina knew so well. He was rather the keen man of business, impatient of shuffling, incredulous of any action for which he could not see the motive, distrustful and very shrewd.

"Oh, I repeated it to my uncle, because I thought it might amuse him—just for something to say."

"Your idea of small talk is rather peculiar," was Iver's dry comment. He looked at the Major on his right, and at Neeld on his left at the table; Mina was opposite, like the witness before the committee.

"So are yours of politeness," she cried. "It's my house. Why do you come and bully me in it?"

Duplay was sullenly furious. Poor Mr. Neeld's state was lamentable. He had not spoken a word throughout the interview. He had taken refuge in nodding, exhausting the significance of nods in reply to the various appeals that the other three addressed to him. If their meaning had been developed, his nods must have landed him in a pitiable mess of inconsistencies; he had tried to agree with everybody, to sympathise all round, to endorse universally. He had won momentary applause and in the end created general dissatisfaction.

Iver had his temper in hand still, but he was hard and resolute.

"You don't seem to understand the seriousness of the thing in the least," he said. "I've spoken plainly to you. My daughter's future is at stake. You say it was all idle gossip. I find that hard to believe. Even if so, I must have that gossip investigated and proved to be nothing but gossip."

"Investigate it then," said the Imp peevishly.

"You refuse me the materials. What you told Major Duplay was too vague. You know more. You can put me on the track."

Mina was silent. Neeld wiped his brow with his handkerchief. Iver changed his tone.

"Mina, we've been friends to you. I'm not ashamed to remind you of it. Janie's a great friend of yours; my wife and I have welcomed you first for her sake, then for your own. Is this the best return you can make us? Consult anybody you like, if you think I'm prejudiced, whether your conduct is honourable, is square." He paused a moment. "Ask Mr. Neeld here what he would do. I'm willing to abide by his judgment."

Mina was sorely tempted to say "Ask him then." The situation would thus become so much the more piquant. But Mr. Neeld was in such distress—to her sharp eyes a distress so visible—that she did not dare to risk the *coup*. If he were let alone he might keep silence and quiet his conscience by the

plea that he had been asked no questions. But she did not venture to face him with a demand for a verdict on her conduct; for her conduct was also his own.

"I must judge for myself. Mr. Neeld can't help me," she answered. "Uncle has chosen to say he can prove these things. Let him try." She drew herself up with a prim prudish air. "I don't think it's desirable to mix myself up in such very peculiar questions at all, and I don't think it's nice of men to come and cross-question me about them."

"Oh, we're not in a ladies' school," said Iver, with a touch of irritation hardly suppressed. "We come as men of the world to a sensible woman."

"Anybody will tell you I'm not that," interrupted the Imp.

"Well, then, to a woman of good feeling, who wishes to be honest and to be true to her friends. Duplay, have you no influence with Madame Zabriska?"

"I've spared no effort," replied the Major. "I can't believe that she won't help us in the end." His tone was almost menacing. Mina, remembering how he had terrorised the secret out of her before and resenting the humiliation of the memory, stiffened her neck once more.

"I've nothing to say. You must do as you think best," she said.

"You must be made to speak."

Iver's threats alarmed where Duplay's only annoyed. He spoke calmly and with weight.

"Who can make me speak?" she cried, more angry from her fear.

"The law. When we have reached a certain stage in the inquiry, we shall be able to compel you to speak."

"I thought you couldn't move a step without me?"

Iver was rather set back, but he braved it out.

"The difficulties are immensely increased, but they're not insuperable," he said.

"I shan't stay to be questioned and bullied. I shall go abroad."

Iver looked at the Major; the Major returned his glance; they were both resolute men.

"No, you won't go away," declared Iver slowly.

The Imp was frightened; she was an ignorant young woman in a land of whose laws she knew nothing. Neeld would have liked to suggest something soothing about the Liberty of the Individual and the Habeas Corpus Act. But he dared show no sympathy—beyond nodding at her unobserved. The nod told her nothing.

"You'll stop me?" Still she tried to sneer defiantly.

Another glance passed between Iver and Duplay. A shrewd observer might have interpreted it as meaning, "Even if we can't do it, she'll think we can."

"We shall," said the Major, executing the bluff on behalf of himself and his partner.

The Imp thought of crying—not for her uncle—which would be hopeless—but for Iver. She concluded it would be hopeless there too; Iver would not heed tears in business hours, however tender-hearted he might be in private life. So she laughed again instead. But the laugh was a failure, and Iver was sharp enough to see it.

"In this country people aren't allowed to play fast and loose in this fashion," he remarked. "I'll tell you one way in which we can make you speak. I have only to go to Lord Tristram and tell him you have spread these reports, that you have made and repeated these imputations on his birth and on his title. What will he do? Can he rest content without disproving them at law? I say he can't. In those proceedings you would be compelled to speak. I must assume you would tell the truth. I refuse to suppose you would commit perjury."

"I should hold my tongue," said Mina.

"Then you'd be sent to prison for contempt of Court."

The bluff worked well. Mina knew nothing at all of what Harry Tristram would do, or might do, or must do, of what the law would, or might, or might not do, in the circumstances

supposed. And Iver spoke as though he knew everything, with a weighty confidence, with an admirable air of considered candour. She was no match for him; she grew rather pale, her lips twitched, and her breath came quick. Tears were no longer to be treated merely as a possible policy; they threatened to occur of their own accord.

What wonder that a feeling of intolerable meanness attacked Mr. Jenkinson Neeld? He was on the wrong side of the table, on the bench instead of in the dock. He sat there judging; his proper place was side by side with the criminal, in charge of the same policeman, wearing the handcuffs too. And he had less excuse for his crime than she. He was even more in Iver's debt; he had eaten his bread these weeks past; even now he was pretending to be his adviser and his witness; his deception was deeper than hers. Besides, he was not a young woman who might find excuse in the glamour of Harry's position or the attraction of Harry's eyes; he was not a romantic young woman; he was only a romantic old fool. He could bear it no longer. He must speak. He could not get into the dock beside her—for that would only throw away the case which she was defending so gallantly—but he must speak a word for her.

"In my opinion," he said nervously, but not without his usual precision, "we can carry this matter no further. Madame Zabriska declines to speak. I may say that I understand and respect the motive which I believe inspires her. She regrets her idle words. She thinks that by repeating them she would give them greater importance. She does not wish to assume responsibility. She leaves the matter in your hands, Iver. It is not her affair; she had no reason to suppose that it would be yours. By a train of events for which she is not accountable the question has become of importance to you. In her view it is for you to take your own steps. She stands aside."

"She's my friend, she's my daughter's friend. The question is whether my daughter marries Lord Tristram of Blent

or an impostor (whether voluntary or involuntary) without a name, an acre, or, so far as I know, a shilling. She can help me. She stands aside. You think her right, Neeld?"

"Yes, I do," said the old gentleman with the promptness of desperation.

"Then your idea of friendship differs diametrically from mine. I desire no such friends as that."

It is to be hoped that the sting of Iver's remark was somewhat mitigated by Mina's covertly telegraphed gratitude. Yet Neeld was no happier after his effort than before it. A silence fell on them all. Mina glanced from her uncle's face to Iver's. Both men were stern and gloomy. Her sense of heroism barely supported her; things were so very uncomfortable. If Harry could know what she suffered for him, it would be something. But Mina had an idea that Harry was thinking very little about her. Moreover, in taking sides in a controversy perhaps the most important practical question is—Whom has one got to live with? She had to live not with Harry Tristram, but with that glowering uncle, Major Duplay. Agree with your enemy whiles you are in the house with him, even more than whiles you are in the way.

At this point—the deadlock demanded by the canons of art having been reached by the force of circumstances and the clash of wills—enter the *Deus ex Machina*, in the shape of a pretty parlourmaid in a black gown and white apron, with a bow of pink ribbon at the neck; instead of the car, a silver salver, and on it a single letter.

"For you, ma'am," said the *Deus*, and with a glance at Neeld (merely because he was a man and a stranger) she ended her brief but momentous appearance on the stage.

The Imp was in no mood for ceremony; one glance at the handwriting, and she tore the envelope open eagerly. Iver was whispering to Duplay. Neeld's eyes were on the ceiling, because he did not know where else he could direct them with any sense of safety.

Mina read. A gasp of breath from her brought Neeld's

eyes down from their refuge and stayed Iver and the Major's whispered talk. She gazed from one to the other of them. She had flushed red; her face was very agitated and showed a great stress of feeling. Duplay with an exclamation of surprise put out his hand for the letter. But Mina kept hers on it, pinning it immovably to the table. For another minute she sat there, facing the three. Then all composure failed her; she burst into tears and bowing her head to meet her arms on the table, covering the letter with her hair, she sobbed violently.

The fort she had been defending was betrayed from within. For some reason unknown, unguessable, the champion she fought for had fled from the fight. And the few words of his message—aye, and that he should send a message to her—pierced her to the heart. Strained already by her battle, she was broken down by this sudden end to it, this sudden and disastrous end.

"I can't help it, I can't help it," the men heard her say between her sobs.

Her apology did nothing to relieve their extreme discomfort. All three felt brutal; even the Major's face lost its gloomy fierceness and relaxed into an embarrassed solicitude. "Ought we to call the maid?" he whispered. "Poor child!" murmured Neeld.

The sobs dominated these timid utterances. Was it they who had brought her to this state, or was it the letter? Iver stirred uneasily in his chair, his business manner and uncharitable shrewdness suddenly seeming out of place. "Give her time," he said gently. "Give her time, poor girl."

Mina raised her head; tears ran down her cheeks; she was woe personified.

"Time's no use," she groaned. "It's all over now."

Neeld caught at the state of affairs by an intuition to which his previous knowledge helped him. Duplay had been baffled by Harry's diplomacy and expected no action from his side. To Neeld such a development seemed possible, and it was the

only thing which to his mind could throw light on Mina's behaviour.

"Won't you show us the letter?" he asked gently.

"Oh yes. And I'll tell you anything you like now. It doesn't matter now." She looked at Neeld; she was loyal to the end. "I was the only person who knew it," she said to Iver.

That was too much. Timid he might be, even to the point of cowardice; but now, when the result of confession would be no harm to anybody but himself, Neeld felt he must speak if he were to have any chance of going on thinking himself a gentleman—and it is an unpleasant thing for a man to realise that he has none.

"I must correct Madame Zabriska," he said. "I knew it too."

"What?" cried Duplay. Iver turned quick scrutinising eyes on his friend.

"You knew too? You knew what?" he demanded.

"The facts we have been endeavouring to obtain from Madame Zabriska."

"The facts about——"

"Oh, it's all in the letter," cried Mina in a burst of impatience. "There it is."

She flung it across to Iver and rested her chin on her hands, while her eyes followed his expression as he read. Duplay was all excitement, but old Mr. Neeld had sunk back in his chair with a look of fretful weariness. Iver was deliberate; his glasses needed some fitting on; the sheet of paper required some smoothing after its contact with Mina's disordered and disordering hair. Besides, he was really as excited as Duplay and almost as agitated as Mina herself. But these emotions are not appropriate to business men. So he was very calm and deliberate in his demeanour; he might have been going to deliver a whole speech from the way he cleared his throat.

"I have thrown up the sponge and fled. Please make friends with Lady Tristram of Blent.—H. T."

It was enough. What need of further witness? And if there had been, the principal criminal had confessed and the lips of his accomplices were unsealed.

For a while nobody spoke. Then Neeld, leaning forward to the table again, began to explain and excuse his silence, to speak of the hard case he was in, of the accidental and confidential character of his knowledge. Neither Mina nor her uncle even appeared to heed him. Iver seemed to listen patiently and courteously, but his mind too was distracted, and he did not cease fidgeting with Harry Tristram's letter and referring ever and again to its brief sufficient message.

"I daresay I was wrong. The position was very difficult," pleaded Neeld.

"Yes, yes," said Iver in an absent tone. "Difficult no doubt, Neeld; both for you and Mina. And now he has—he has given up the game himself! Or was his hand forced?"

"No," flashed out Mina, restored in a moment to animation, her fighting instincts awake again. "He'd never have been forced. He must have done it of his own accord."

"But why?" Again he returned to the letter. "And why does he write to you?"

"Because he knew I knew about it. He didn't know that Mr. Neeld did."

"And this—this Lady Tristram of Blent?" Iver's voice was hesitating and conscious as he pronounced the name that was to have become his daughter's.

Again the pink-ribboned *Deus* made entry on the scene, to give the speaker a more striking answer.

"A lady to see you, ma'am. Miss Gainsborough."

The three men sprang to their feet; with a sudden wrench Mina turned her chair round towards the door. A tall slim girl in black came in with a quick yet hesitating step.

"Forgive me, Madame Zabriskä. But I had to come. Harry said you were his friend. Do you know anything about him? Do you know where he is?" She looked at the

men and blushed as she returned their bow with a hurried recognition.

"No, I haven't seen him. I know nothing," said Mina.

"The letter, Mina," Duplay reminded her, and Mina held it out to Cecily.

Cecily came forward, took and read it. She looked again at the group, evidently puzzled.

"He doesn't say where he's gone," she said.

"You are——?" Iver began.

"I'm Cecily Gainsborough. But I think he means me when he says Lady Tristram of Blent."

"Yes, he must mean you, Miss Gainsborough."

"Yes, because last night he told me—it was so strange, but he wouldn't have done it unless it was true—he told me that he wasn't Lord Tristram really, and that I——" Her eyes travelled quickly over their faces, and she re-read the letter. "Do you know anything about it?" she demanded imperiously. "Tell me, do you know what he means by this letter and whether what he says is true?"

"We know what he means," answered Iver gravely, "and we know that it's true."

"Have you known it long?" she asked.

Iver glanced at Duplay and Neeld. It was Neeld who answered gently: "Some of us have been sure of it for some time. But——" He looked at Mina before he went on. "But we didn't intend to speak."

Cecily stood there, seeming to consider and for a moment meeting Mina's intense gaze which had never left her face.

"Had he known for long?" was her next question.

It met with no immediate answer. Duplay rose abruptly and walked to the mantelpiece; he leant his arm on it and turned half away from the group at the table.

"Had he known for long?" Cecily repeated.

"Ever so long," answered Mina Zabriská in a low voice, but very confidently.

"Ah, he was waiting till Lady Tristram died?"

Iver nodded; he thought what she suggested a very good explanation to accept. It was plausible and sensible; it equipped Harry Tristram with a decent excuse for his past silence, and a sound reason for the moment of his disclosure. He looked at Neeld and found ready acquiescence in the old gentleman's approving nod. But Mina broke out impatiently—

"No, no, that had nothing to do with it. He never meant to speak. Blent was all the world to him. He never meant to speak." A quick remembrance flashed across her. "Were you with him in the Long Gallery last night?" she cried. "With him there for hours?"

"Yes, we were there?"

"Yes, I saw you from the terrace here. Did he tell you there?"

"He told me there." There was embarrassment as well as wonder in her manner now.

"Well then, you must know why he told you. We don't know." Mina was very peevish.

"Is it any use asking——?" Iver began. An unceremoniously impatient and peremptory wave of Mina's arm reduced him to silence. Her curiosity left no room for his prudent counsels of reticence.

"What were you doing in the Gallery?" demanded Mina.

"I was looking at all the things there and—and admiring them. He came up presently and—I don't remember that he said very much. He watched me; then he asked me if I loved the things. And—well, then he told me. He told me and went straight out of the room. I waited a long while, but he didn't come back, and I haven't spoken to him since." She looked at each of them in turn as though some one might be able to help her with the puzzle.

"Somehow you made him do it—you," said Mina Zabriská.

Slowly Cecily's eyes settled on Mina's face; thus she stood silent for a full minute.

"Yes, I think so. I think I must have somehow." Her

voice rose as she asked with a sudden access of agitation, "But what are we to do now?"

Mina had no thought for that; it was the thing itself that engrossed her, not the consequences.

"There will, of course, be a good many formalities," said Iver. "Subject to those, I imagine that the—er—question settles itself."

His phrase seemed to give Cecily no enlightenment.

"Settles itself?" she repeated.

"Subject to formal proof, I mean, and in the absence of opposition from"—he hesitated a second—"from Mr. Tristram, which can't be anticipated now, you will be put into possession of the estates and the title." He pointed to Harry's letter which was still in her hands. "You see what he himself calls you there, Miss Gainsborough."

She made no answer. With another glance at Neeld, Iver pushed back his chair and rose. Neeld followed his example. They felt that the interview had better end. Duplay did not move, and Cecily stood where she was. She seemed to ask what was to be done with her; her desolation was sad, but it had something of the comic in it. She was so obviously lost.

"You might walk down to Blent with Miss Gainsborough, Mina," Iver suggested.

"No," cried the Imp in a passion, leaping up from her chair. "I don't want to have anything to do with her."

Cecily started and her cheeks flushed red as though she had been struck. Iver looked vexed and ashamed.

"It's all her fault that Harry Tristram's—that Harry Tristram's——" The Imp's voice was choked; she could get no further.

Old Mr. Neeld came forward. He took Harry's letter from Cecily and gave it to Mina.

"My dear, my dear!" he said gently, as he patted her hand. "Read that again."

Mina read, and then scrutinised Cecily keenly.

"Well, I'll walk down with you," she said grudgingly.

She came nearer to Cecily. "I wonder what you did!" she exclaimed, scanning her face. "I must find out what you did!"

Iver came forward. "I must introduce myself to you, Miss Gainsborough. I live at Blentmouth, and my name is Iver."

"Iver!" She looked at him curiously. At once he felt that she had knowledge of the relation between his daughter and Harry Tristram.

"Yes, and since we shall probably be neighbours——" He held out his hand. She put hers into it, still with a bewildered air. Neeld contented himself with a bow as he passed her, and Duplay escaped from the room with a rapidity and stillness suggestive of a desire not to be observed. When the men were gone Cecily sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands for a minute. She looked up to find Mina regarding her, still with mingled inquisitiveness and hostility.

"What were you all doing here when I came?" asked Cecily.

"They were trying to make me tell what I knew about Harry Tristram. But I wouldn't tell."

"Wouldn't you?" Cecily's eyes sparkled in sudden approval, and she broke into a smile. "I like you for that," she cried. "I wouldn't have told either."

"But now!" The Imp pouted disconsolately. "Well, it's not your fault, I suppose, and——" She walked up to Cecily and gave her a brief but friendly kiss. "And you needn't be so upset as all that about it. We'll just talk over what we'd better do."

There was not much prospect of their talk affecting either the laws of England or the determination of Harry Tristram to any appreciable extent. But the proposal seemed to comfort Cecily; and the Imp rang the bell for tea. Coming back from this task, she gave Cecily a critical glance.

"You'll look it anyhow," she concluded, with a reluctant smile.

Meanwhile Iver and Neeld drove back to Blentmouth. Iver said nothing about his friend's bygone treachery; oddly enough it was not in the culprit's mind either.

"Now, Neeld, to break this news to Janie!" said Iver.

Neeld nodded once again.

But of course a situation quite other than they expected awaited them at Fairholme.

(To be continued.)

Basement

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